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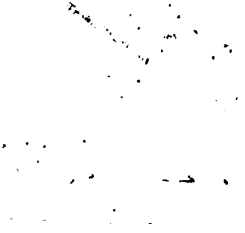

FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

FIVE-MINUTE

DECLAMATIONS

SECOND PART

SELECTED AND ADAPTED

By WALTER K. FOBES

AUTHOR OF "ELOCUTION SIMPLIFIED" "FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS" "FIVE-MINUTE READINGS" "FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS" FIRST PART

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FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS

SECOND PART

PREFACE.

THE many commendations bestowed upon the previous books of the "Five-minute" series, and the consequent demand for them has prompted the preparing of this volume. "The limitation of your selections to five minutes in delivery is an admirable idea," writes Moses Merrill, Ph.D., the head master of "the home of declamation," the Boston Public Latin School. The editor of the "Harvard Shakespere," Rev. Henry N. Hudson, in reference to "Five-minute Declamations," first part, wrote: "I do not see how a better selection could well be made within the same compass." The commendations are many from persons eminently capable of giving an authoritative opinion, but an examination of this book will be conclusive to each one individually.

This volume is composed mainly of new selections from American orators, and will be found to be specimens of modern eloquence and ideas. That it may be welcomed as heartily and found as worthy as the previous volumes of the series is the wish of the editor.

WALTER K. FOBES.

18 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, JANUARY, 1891.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Abolition of African Slavery. *Haygood*	186
Admonition to Coming Generations. *Winthrop*	45
American Example, Effect of. *Winthrop*	41
Arts and Letters. *Everett*	235
Ballot Reform, The Advent of the. *Cleveland*	188
Boston, Mass., and Charleston, S.C. *Courtenay*	198
But One Flag for Our Country. *Holstein*	239
Captain Hale and Major André. *Depew*	84
Changes of a Hundred Years. *Curtis*	231
Character and Service. *Brooks*	210
Character and Service. Pursuit of. *Brooks*	213
Concord, Mass., The Town of. *Robinson*	206
Constitution not Unalterable, The. *Webster*	51
Convention of 1787, The. *Depew*	111
Declaration of Independence, The. *Long*	76
Declaration, The Greatest Fruit of the. *Adams*	196
Democracy. *Dana*	31
Dignity of Our Nation's Founders. *Evarts*	79
Distrust of the People. *Phillips*	38
Educate the Masses. *Phillips*	19
England and the United States. *Depew*	208
Father of the Revolution, The. *Curtis*	72
Fidelity to God is Fidelity to Man. *Gordon*	62
Franklin as a Christian. *Winthrop*	121
Franklin as a Philanthropist. *Winthrop*	119
Franklin as a Philosopher. *Winthrop*	116
Franklin as a Printer. *Winthrop*	114
Franklin Statue, Boston, Inauguration of. *Winthrop*	124
Garfield's Early Life. *Blaine*	150
Garfield Statue, The. *Cleveland*	152
Garfield Memorial at Cleveland, O., The. *Cox*	15

PAGE

Great Man, A. *Long* 145
Great and Noble Man, A. *Vilas* 139

Henry W. Grady as an Orator. *Lee* 175
Home and School the Bulwark of Our Country. *Seward* 36
Homes of the People, The. *Grady* 1
House of Representatives, The. *Lodge* 191

In the Name of God, Amen. *Breckinridge* 53

John Hancock. *Winthrop* 86

Labor, The Greatest Curse to. *Powderly* 226
Law and Faith and Freedom. *Hoar* 28
Lincoln, Death of. *Emerson* 137
Lookout Mountain, The View from. *Pierce* 183
Love of Country. *Choate* 229
Lovejoy, The Murder of, at Alton, Illinois, 1837. *Phillips* 168

Mal-Administration, Resistance of. *Cleveland* . . . 48
Man's Capacity for Education. *Ellis* 233
Man and the Cause, The. *Lodge* 26
Merchants of the Revolution. *Cowdin* 75
Miles Standish. The Age of. *Greenhalge* 58

Negro Problem, The. *Grady* 171
Negro, Love and Loyalty of the. *Grady* 174
New England, The Republic of. *O'Reilly* 204
Nineteenth of April, 1775, The. *Hoar* 91

Old State House Boston, The (Restored, 1882). *Whitmore* 179
Old State House Boston, The (Re-dedicated, 1882). *Green* 181
One of the Common People. *Hamilton* 142
Our Army and Navy. *Sherman* 11
Our Constitution. *Depew* 6
Our Dead Soldiers. *Walker* 14
Our Federal Constitution. *Fuller* 237
Our Flag. *Putnam* 8
Our Happy Warrior. *Collier* 147
Our Nation and Flag. *Sumner* 10
Our Worst Foes. *Curtis* 16

PAGE

Paul Revere's Ride. *Curtis* 89
People always conquer, The. *Everett* 43
People of the United States, The. *Cleveland* . . . 3
Pilgrim Charter and Covenant, The. *Russell* . . . 69
Pilgrim Commemoration, The. *Long* 56
Pilgrims as Conquerors, The. *Lodge* 65
Pilgrim's Idea of Home, The. *Hall* 67
Pilgrim Monument, The. *Brackett* 60
Political Equality the Soul of the Republic. *Mc Call* . 221
Poor and Little Greece. *Shepard* 218
Problem of Self-Government, The. *Depew* 49
Public Duty, The Sense of. *Pillsbury* 33
Public Opinion the Reliance of Our Government. *Garfield* 24
Puritanism. *Hoar* 194

Russian Nihilism. *Phillips* 216

States, The. *Lee* 201

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. *Winthrop* . . 81
Two Schools of Eloquence. *Choate* 227

Washington Needle, The. *Winthrop* 21
Washington and Our Schools and Colleges. *Eliot* . . 100
Washington Arch in New York, The. *Curtis* . . . 107
Washington, The Birthday of. *Choate* 110
Washington Centennial, Lessons from the. *Gordon* . 104
Washington's Characterization. *Eliot* 98
Washington, The Character of. *Winthrop* 98
Washington and the Constitution. *Harlan* 102
Washington, Superiority of. *Depew* 96
Webster the Successor of Washington. *Bingham* . . 127
Webster as an Orator and Statesman. *Bartlett* . . . 129
Webster Statue at Concord, N.H., The. *Robinson* . . 132
Webster, The Statue of. *Chamberlain* 134
Wendell Phillips, The Oratory of. *Higginson* . . . 160
Wendell Phillips as an Orator. *Curtis* 162
Wendell Phillips at Faneuil Hall. *Curtis* 165
Wendell Phillips, Eulogy of. *Curtis* 157
Who are really honored. *Chapin* 224

FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

HENRY W. GRADY.

I WENT to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol, and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury and the judges and the President and the Congress and the courts and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the gardens and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed in steady measure every new-comer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the old open fireplace and the old family Bible thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, holding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they got to the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face and lighting up her deep, patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man — while a startled bird called

from the forest and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry and the stars were swarming in the sky — got the family around him and taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed the vision of that marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Our People, in a day, assumed a place among the nations of the earth. Their mission was to teach the fitness of man for self-government and their destiny was to outstrip every other people in national achievement and material greatness. One hundred years have passed. Our churches, our schools and universities, our benevolent institutions which beautify every town and hamlet and look out from every hillside testify to the value Our People place upon religious teaching, upon advanced education and upon deeds of charity.

That Our People are still jealous of their individual rights and freedom is proved by the fact that no one in place or power has dared openly to assail them. Surely such a people can be safely trusted with their free government and there need

be no fear that they have lost the qualities which fit them to be its custodians. If they should wander they will return to duty in good time. If they should be misled they will discover the true landmarks none too late for safety, and if they should even be corrupted they will speedily be found seeking with peace-offerings their country's holy altar.

Let us then have an abiding faith in Our People. Let petulance and discontent with popular action disappear before the truth that in any and all circumstances the will of the people, however it may be exercised, is the law of our national existence — the arbiter absolute and unchangeable by which we must abide. Other than existing situations or policies can only justify themselves when they may be reached by the spread of political intelligence and the revival of unselfish and patriotic interest in public affairs. Ill-natured complaints of popular incompetency and self-righteous assertion of superiority over the body of the people are impotent and useless.

But there is danger that the scope of the words "Our People" and all they import are not fully apprehended. It is only natural that those in the various walks of life should see Our People within the range of their own vision and find just about them the interests most important and most worthy the care of the Government. The rich merchant or capitalist in the centre of wealth and enterprise hardly has a glimpse of the country blacksmith at his forge or the farmer in his field, and these in their turn know but little of the laborers who crowd our manufactories and inhabit their own world of toil or of the thousands who labor in our mines.

If representatives of every element of our population and industries should be gathered together they would find but little of purely selfish and personal interest in common and upon a superficial glance but little would be seen to denote that one people was represented. Yet in the spirit of our institutions, all these so separated in station and personal interest are a common brotherhood and Our People all of equal value before the law, all having by their suffrage the same voice in governmental affairs, all demanding with equal force protection and defence, and all in their persons and property equally entitled to their Government's scrupulous care.

The diversity of our interests, though the source of boundless wealth and prosperity, has a tendency to press Our People apart. This condition demands of us a counterforce of liberality and toleration towards each other and an enlightened regard for the condition of every individual who contributes to the aggregate of our national greatness. This aggregate, fostered and increased by united earnest and unselfish effort, will yield a full return for individual enterprise and labor without drying up the fountains of brotherly love and kindness and forbearance upon which the political health of Our People depends.

Let us recall to our minds the virtues and the unselfish devotion to principle of those who saw the first days of the Republic. Let there be a revival of our love for the principles which our country represents. Let there be a new consecration to the cause of man's freedom and equality and a quickened sense of the solemn responsibility assumed before the world by every man who wears the badge of "Our People." The future beckons us

on. Let us follow with an exalted and ennobling love of country and with undaunted courage. Though clouds may sometimes darken the heavens they shall be dispelled and we shall see the bow of God's promise set clearly in the sky and shall read beneath it blazing in radiant characters the words, — "Our People!"

OUR CONSTITUTION.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Our Constitution since its adoption has been amended only upon the lines laid down in the original instrument and in conformity with the recorded opinion of the fathers. The first great addition was the incorporation of a bill of rights, and the last the embedding into the Constitution of the immortal principle of the Declaration of Independence — of the equality of all men before the law. No crisis has been too perilous for its powers, no evolution too rapid for its adaptation, and no expansion beyond its easy grasp and administration. It has assimilated diverse nationalities, with warring traditions, customs, conditions, and languages, imbued them with its spirit and won their passionate loyalty.

The flower of the youth of the nations of Continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries and are drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle array along the frontiers, and a kaiser's whim or a minister's mistake may precipitate the most destructive war in modern times. Both monarchical and republican governments are seeking safety in the repression and suppression of

opposition and criticism. The volcanic forces of democratic aspiration and socialistic revolt are rapidly increasing and they threaten peace and security. We turn from these gathering storms to the British Isles and find their people in the throes of a political crisis involving the form and substance of their government, and their statesmen far from confident that the enfranchised and unprepared masses will wisely use their power.

But for us no army exhausts our resources nor consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce, which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people. The question which affects powers of government and the expansion of limitation of the authority of the Federal Constitution are so completely settled and so unanimously approved, that our political divisions produce only the healthy antagonism of parties which is necessary for the preservation of liberty. Our institutions furnish the full equipment of shield and spear for the battles of freedom, and absolute protection against every danger which threatens the welfare of the people will always be found in the intelligence which appreciates their value, and the courage and morality with which their powers are exercised.

The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be

for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and devotion to union and liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present, the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years marvellously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution, and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

OUR FLAG.

A. P. PUTNAM.

WHAT precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule, but think where also their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection. Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed! What storms of shot and shell! What scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec.

It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great national victory; the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace.

Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the lofty mountains of the West. Where has it not gone? the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes. What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its folds and defy the world?

With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspiration of patriotism! By it how many have sworn fealty to their country! What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes!

How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it! How many have died for it! How many living and dying have said in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag! the stars and stripes!" And wherever that flag has gone, it has been the herald of a better day, it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.

OUR NATION AND FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

Are we a nation? Then must we have that essential, indestructible unity which belongs to a nation, with all those central pervasive powers which minister to national life. Then must we have that central necessary authority, inherent in just government, to protect the citizens in all the rights of citizenship. Then must we have that other central inalienable prerogative of providing for the performance of all the promises solemnly made when we first claimed our place as a nation.

Words are sometimes things and I cannot doubt that our country would gain in strength and our people in comprehensive patriotism, if we discarded language which in itself implies certain weakness and possible disunion. I have never reconciled myself to the use of the word "federal" instead of "national." To my mind our Government is not federal but national; our Constitution is not federal but national; our courts under the Constitution are not federal but national; our army is not federal but national.

And our flag is national. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who as he sees it can think of a State merely? Whose eyes once fastened upon its radiant trophies can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry" and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other

ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes.

It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air but it speaks sublimely and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen States to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new State. The two together signify union past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together, bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country, — to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

One hundred years ago in the goodly city of New York our first President, General George Washington, took his solemn oath "to the best of his ability to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States," and thereby became Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. Seventy-two years after, his most worthy successor, Abraham Lincoln, took the same oath, and, addressing his dissatisfied countrymen from the portico of the Capitol at Washington, reminded them that 'had no oath registered in heaven to destroy

Government, but he had a most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it.

In like manner the army and navy have their oath registered in heaven to support and defend the Constitution, to obey the President and all appointed over them, for they are the very instruments provided by the Constitution to enable him to protect and defend it whenever force is necessary; and no government on earth has yet been devised, but that, at times, force has been necessary. You, the Citizens of America, have a perfect right to inquire of your servants, Have you been true and faithful to your oaths during the past century? I answer emphatically, Yes.

Washington himself was the best type of the the citizen-soldier this world has yet produced. As a boy a surveyor of land, as an aide to General Braddock, and an explorer as far west as was then prudent, he was educated in the best possible school for a soldier. He read much, he thought more; always shared the labors and dangers of his command, sympathized with them in their distresses and wrongs, and during the War of Independence and after, was always their advocate with Congress and the people.

To General Washington chiefly, every soldier of this land turns with reverential awe because they realize that he loved order, system, economy and faithful service; that by his own example, by his teachings and writings he impressed on everybody the value of discipline and subordination to rightful authority perfectly consistent with American citizenship. In this spirit has the present army of the United States been trained, and though predicted by Europeans, there is no instance in all our military history of the usurpation of civil

power, not warranted by the law of the land. Of the labors, toils and sufferings of our little army on the remote frontiers, I could paint many a picture as true and touching as that given by the Father of his Country about his own army at Valley Forge, and I say again, the army of the United States has been as true to their oaths as the needle to the pole.

The fundamental principles of military science remain the same to-day as when Washington led and taught his Revolutionary army, the same patient endurance of the labor and hardships of war, the same submission to discipline and authority, the same patriotic devotion to our country's honor and its flag, which is the symbol of all that is glorious and good in our national character; but the instruments of war have changed and are still changing, with a rapidity which confounds the ancient, and calls for new and younger men. Should unhappily an occasion arise I am sure these will come forth worthy successors to their noble sires. Tear from your histories the annals of heroic valor, patient endurance and devotion to the flag by the soldiers of your country during the past century, and you will leave a void indeed.

I can with equal confidence speak of our navy. We are brothers in the same cause, follow the same flag and share the same destiny. They have to combat not only the dangers of war but those of the shoals and tempests of the sea. Their deeds of gallantry, of heroism, of devotion to their country and its honored flag, from the Revolutionary War to the present moment, irradiate American history with annals which will stimulate the youth of our country to follow their example for ages to come.

OUR DEAD SOLDIERS.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

We come, not to mourn our dead soldiers, but to praise them. For one, I have never liked, even from the first, to see as so often is the case, the flag at half-mast upon Memorial Day. But if ever it was appropriate it long since ceased to be so. After so many years, tears no longer befit the place where the soldier lies in his last sleep. The bitter grief which their untimely deaths brought to so many hearts, Time, the all-healer, has mercifully soothed and softened into pathetic memories and pious veneration. Many who then mourned in all pain and passion of bereavement have themselves followed after and are now at peace where there is no more sorrow nor crying, no more war and fighting, no more absence nor parting.

But while the reason for personal grief has been steadily diminishing with the lapse of time and with the passing away of those who once mourned, the reason for praising these men and honoring them in the eyes of the nation has been steadily increasing as we have come to see more and more clearly the vast and ever-growing significance of that which they did. When our dead soldiers were brought home from battle-field or hospital to be laid in quiet graves, no man in all the land, not even he whose great prophetic soul conducted the nation to its final deliverance, could possibly rise far enough above the clamor and the strife, the anguish and the agony of the time, or peer far enough into the cloudy and threatening future to see the half of what the dullest of us now sees of

the greatness of the blessings which were to be purchased by those most pathetic sacrifices.

What they died intent on witnessing, we have lived to see, — the nation redeemed by the blood of its loyal sons, disenthralled from an ignoble bondage, purified of a loathsome leprosy, healed of what seemed a fatal breach among its members, — rise, glad, proud, free, triumphant, jubilant, to address itself to the remaining problems of its existence, to do its appointed work for its own citizens and for all humanity, and to take its rightful place among the nations of the earth with a power not till then suspected, with a true national purpose that before had been doubtful, hesitating and divided, with a real national character that had before been unformed, inconsistent and weak.

The nation they saved is in a high sense another nation from that which they went to save, which they died hoping to save. It is a nation greater, fairer, freer, nobler far. It has at last a definite purpose. That purpose is resolute, considerate, peaceful, beneficent. It has at last an established character. That character is strong, loyal, acquisitive enterprising. The nation which amid general gloom and grief entered into that giant struggle, was at the best but in the second rank among the powers of the earth. The stain of human slavery defiled its flag and disfigured its escutcheon. Its industrial system was paralyzed along one entire side by laws which made labor dishonorable and defaced the image of God in man. The shameful sweat of unrequited toil and the poisonous blood that dripped from the lash were slowly sterilizing one-half of its soil. Between the two sections, with their antagonistic civilizations, political passions had long been making ever deeper and deeper divisions.

The nation which emerged from that struggle free, victorious and forever united has already assumed the primacy among the nations; and its power for good, alike to its own citizenship and to all human kind, has scarcely yet been intimated to our feeble, faltering faith. The glorious mission to which it is called is to illustrate to the world the blessings of peace and liberty and educated labor. It was to achieve this mighty deliverance, it was to work this marvellous transformation that our brave soldiers died. Honor, then, immortal honor, to their memories! Forever green be the graves in which they shall lie among a grateful people rejoicing in the benefits won by their heroic sacrifices and untimely death!

OUR WORST FOES.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

When was there ever an auspicious day for humanity that was not one of doubt and of conflict? The robust, moral manhood of America confronts the future with steadfast faith and indomitable will raising the old battle-cry of the race for larger liberty and surer law. It sees clouds, indeed, as did Samuel Adams in the dawn of our country, but with him it sees through and through them and with him thanks God for the glorious morning. There is indeed a fashion of scepticism of American principles even among some Americans, but it is one of the oldest and worst fashions in our history. There is a cynicism which fondly fancies that in its beginning the American republic moved proudly toward the

future with all the splendid assurance of the Persian Xerxes descending on the shores of Greece, but that it sits to-day among shattered hopes, like Xerxes above his ships at Salamis.

When was this golden age? Was it when John Adams appealed from the baseness of his own time to the greater candor and patriotism of this? Was it when Fisher Ames mourned over lost America, like Rachel for her children, and would not be comforted? Was it when William Wirt said that he sought in vain for a man fit for the Presidency or for great responsibility? Was it when Chancellor Livingstone saw only a threatening future because Congress was so feeble? Was it when we ourselves saw the industry, the commerce, the society, the church, the courts, the statesmanship, the conscience of America, seemingly prostrate under the foot of slavery? Was this the golden age of these sentimental sighs, this the region behind the north wind of these reproachful regrets? And is it the young nation, which, with prayer and faith, with untiring devotion and unconquerable will, has lifted its bruised and broken body from beneath that crushing heel, whose future is distrusted?

Nay, this very cynicism is one of the foes which we must meet and conquer. Remember that the impulse of republican government given at Concord and Lexington has shaken every government in the world but has been itself wholly unshaken by them. It has made monarchy impossible in France. It has freed the Russian serfs. It has united Germany against ecclesiastical despotism. It has flashed into the night of Spain. It has emancipated Italy and discrowned the Pope as king. In England, repealing the disabilities of Catholic and

Hebrew, it forecasts the separation of Church and State and step by step transforms monarchy into another form of republic.

And here at home how glorious its story! In a tremendous war between men of the same blood, men who recognize and respect each other's valor, we have proved what was always doubted, the prodigious power, endurance and resources of a republic; and in emancipating an eighth of the population we have at last gained the full opportunity of the republican principle. The triumph of freedom shall bind East, West, North, South, in a closer and more perfect union for the establishment of justice and the security of the blessings of liberty than these States have ever known.

That union is the lofty task imposed upon us. And what cloud of doubt so dark hangs over us as that which lowered above the colonies when the troops of the king marched into Concord? and the men of Middlesex resolved to pass the bridge? With their faith and their will we shall win the victory. No royal governor indeed sits in yon stately Capitol, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guaranties of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, Minute-Men of Liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge! And as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children

rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might! Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber! Hang upon his flank and rear from morn to sunset! and so through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice, back, back, in utter defeat and ruin!

EDUCATE THE MASSES.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

STANDING on Saxon foundations and inspired, perhaps, in some degree by Latin example, we have done what no race, no nation, no age, had before dared even to try. We have founded a republic on the unlimited suffrage of millions. We have actually worked out the problem that man as God created him may be trusted with self-government. We have shown that a church without a bishop and a state without a king is an actual, real, everyday possibility.

Look back over the history of the race, where will you find a chapter that precedes us in that achievement? Greece had her republics but they were the republics of a few freemen and subjects and many slaves. The battle of Marathon was fought by slaves unchained from the door-posts of their masters' houses. Italy had her republics, and they were republics of wealth and skill and family, limited and aristocratic. The Swiss republics were groups of cousins. Holland had her republic, the republic of guilds and landholders, trusting

the helm of state to property and education. And all these which at their best held but a million or two within their narrow limits have gone down in the ocean of time.

More than a hundred years ago our fathers announced this sublime, and as it seemed then, foolhardy declaration, that God intended all men to be free and equal — all men without restriction, without qualification, without limit. The years have rolled away since that venturous declaration and now with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with more than sixty millions of people, with two wars behind her, with the grand achievement of having grappled with the fearful disease that threatened her central life, and broken four millions of fetters, the great republic stronger than ever advances in the second century of her existence. The history of the world has no such chapter, in its breadth, its depth, its significance, or its bearing on future history.

What Wycliffe did for religion, Jefferson and Samuel Adams did for the State, — they trusted it to the people. He gave the masses the Bible — the right to think. Jefferson and Samuel Adams gave them the ballot — the right to rule. His intrepid advance contemplated theirs as its natural, inevitable result; and their serene faith completed the gift which the Anglo-Saxon race makes to humanity. We have not only established a new measure of the possibilities of the race, we have laid on strength, wisdom and skill a new responsibility.

Grant that each man's relations to God and his neighbor are exclusively his own concern and that he is entitled to all the aid that will make him the best judge of these relations; that the people are the source of all power and their measureless

capacity the lever of all progress, civil, intellectual, spiritual; their sense of right the court of final appeal; the institutions they create the only ones any power has a right to impose; that the attempt of one class to prescribe the law, the religion, the morals or the trade of another is both unjust and harmful — and the Wycliffe and Jefferson of history mean this if they mean anything — then when in 1867 Parliament doubled the English franchise, Robert Lowe was right in affirming amid the cheers of the house, "Now the first interest and duty of every Englishman is to educate the masses." Then whoever sees further than his neighbor is that neighbor's bond-servant to lift him to such higher level; then power, ability, influence, character, virtue, are the only trusts with which to serve our time.

THE WASHINGTON NEEDLE.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

It was a custom of the ancient Egyptians, from whom the idea of our Washington Monument has been evolved, to cover their obelisks with hieroglyphical inscriptions, some of which have to this day baffled all efforts to decipher them. Not one of the most skilful Egyptologists has succeeded in giving a satisfactory reading of the legends on Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. And those inscriptions with letters enamelled in gold and boasted of as illuminating the world with their rays, tell us only of some despotic Pharaoh whom we would willingly have seen drowned in the ocean

of oblivion as one of them so deservedly was in the depths of the Red Sea. One row of inscriptions on Cleopatra's Needle informs us of Thotmes III., who lived in the age in which Moses was born, the age which saw the exodus of the Israelites. He is set down as a "Child of the Sun, endowed with power, life, and stability."

Our Washington Needle, while it has all the severe simplicity and far more than all the massive grandeur which were the characteristics of Egyptian architecture, bears no inscriptions and none are likely ever to be carved upon it. Around its base bas-reliefs may possibly be placed illustrative of some of the great events of Washington's life. On the terrace beneath may perhaps be arranged emblematic figures of Justice and Patriotism, of Peace, Liberty and Union. All this however may well be left for future generations. Indeed each succeeding generation will take its own pride in doing whatever may be wisely done in adorning the surroundings of the majestic pile and in thus testifying its own homage to the memory of the "Father of his Country."

Yet to the mind's eye of an American patriot those marble faces will never seem vacant or voiceless. No hieroglyphic signs or figures will indeed be seen on them. No such haughty assumption or heathen ascription as "Child of the Sun" will be deciphered on them. But ever and anon as he gazes there will come flashing forth in letters of living light some of the grand precepts and noble lessons of principle and duty which are the matchless bequest of Washington to his country and to mankind.

Can we not read there already as if graven by some invisible fingers or inscribed with some sym-

pathetic ink — which it requires no learning of scholars, no lore of Egypt, nothing but love of our own land, to draw out and make legible, — those masterly words of his letter to the Governors of the States in 1783? —

"There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being — I may even venture to say to the existence — of the United States as an independent power. First, an indissoluble union of the States under one federal head. Second, a sacred regard to public justice. Third, the adoption of a proper peace establishment. Fourth, the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies, to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity, and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community. These are the pillars on which the glorious fabric of our independency and national character must be supported."

And on those seemingly blank and empty sides will be seen in his own unequalled language the grand principles of peace, justice, education, morality and religion which he strove to inculcate, and illuminating them all and enveloping the whole monument from corner-stone to capstone will be read with rapture by every patriotic eye and be echoed by every patriotic heart, "The Union, the Union in any event."

PUBLIC OPINION THE RELIANCE OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

VIEWED from the standpoint of a foreigner, our Government may be said to be the feeblest on earth. From our standpoint and from our experience, it is the mightiest. But why would a foreigner call it the feeblest? He can point out a half-dozen ways in which it can be destroyed without violence. Of course, all governments may be overturned by the sword; but there are several ways in which our Government may be annihilated without the firing of a gun.

For example, if the people of the United States should say, We will elect no representatives to the House of Representatives. Of course, this is a violent supposition; but suppose they do not, is there any remedy? Does our Constitution provide any remedy whatever? In two years there would be no House of Representatives; of course, no support to the Government, and no Government.

Suppose, again, the States should say, through their legislatures, We will elect no senators. Such abstention alone would absolutely destroy this Government; and our system provides no process of compulsion to prevent it. Again, suppose the two Houses were assembled in their usual order, and a majority of one in the House or in the Senate should firmly band themselves together and say, We will vote to adjourn the moment the hour of meeting arrives, and continue so to vote at every session during our two years of existence; the

Government would perish and there is no provision of the Constitution to prevent it.

Or, again, if a majority of one of either body should declare that they would vote down, and did vote down, every bill to support the Government by appropriations, can you find in the whole range of our judicial or our executive authority any remedy whatever? A senator or a member of the House is free and may vote "no" on every proposition. Nothing but his oath and his honor restrains him. Not so with executive and judicial officers. They have no power to destroy this Government. Let them travel an inch beyond the line of the law and they fall within the power of impeachment.

But against the people who create representatives, against the legislatures who create senators, against senators and representatives in these halls, there is no power of impeachment; there is no remedy if by abstention or by adverse votes they refuse to support the Government.

At a first view it would seem strange that a body of men so wise as our fathers were should have left a whole side of their fabric open to these deadly assaults but on a closer view of the case their wisdom will appear. What was their reliance? This, — the sovereign of this nation, in whom resides "the State's collected will," and to whom we all owe allegiance, is the people themselves.

Inspired by a love of country and a deep sense of obligation to perform every public duty, being themselves the creators of all the agencies and forces to execute their own will, and choosing from themselves their representatives to express that will in the forms of law, — it would have been like a suggestion of suicide to assume that any

of these great voluntary powers would be turned against the life of the Government. Public opinion, that great ocean of thought from whose level all heights and all depths are measured, was trusted as a power amply able and always willing to guard all the approaches on that side of the Constitution from any assault on the life of the nation.

THE MAN AND THE CAUSE.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

HISTORICALLY speaking there is no more pernicious saying than that "it is all the same a hundred years hence." For instance, go back to the time of the Revolution and look in the Continental Congress. There are two men representing opposite principles. One is John Adams from Massachusetts, the other is John Dickinson of Delaware. Those two men are facing each other. One is aiming at separation, complete independence. The other is holding back and receding, he does not wish to see the countries part. We know to-day that John Dickinson bitter as the feeling was against him at that moment was an honest, a patriotic American. We can now judge him more fairly but we need not on that account confuse the cause. John Adams was right. John Dickinson was wrong. You cannot alter the cause because you judge the men more charitably.

Take George Washington and his career. If that career was right then the cause of the men who opposed him who opposed his work for the Constitution and for the making of a national gov-

ernment, was wrong, then their attitude was wrong. We may be as generous and as tolerant as we will but let us not confuse the cause which those men represented.

Again, take the period of the civil war, when feelings ran highest. The time has come to be as generous as the air to the men who fought against us, to see in them that they were many of them brave, pure of heart, brilliant as soldiers. Take their great chief, Robert E. Lee, whom they honored by a statue, lately, in Richmond. If the men who then did him honor, the men who — as Browning said of Wordsworth — had loved him so, had honored him so, had followed him so, had lived in his great magnificent eye, had learned his great language, had caught his clear accents, had made him their pattern to live and to die by — if those men had not been ready now to do homage to his name as a brave soldier and an honorable gentleman, one of the great commanders of the age, they would have been base indeed.

But when we go behind the man to the cause, let us not confuse the cause. At that time, it was said, Washington and Lee were coupled together. I have no word of criticism to pass on Robert E. Lee. But if Lee was right, then Washington was wrong; if Washington was right, then Lee's career was an absolute failure. If Lee was right, then those other Virginians whom we also must recall — Scott, Farragut, Thomas — were wrong. They cannot both be right. One must have been right and one must have been wrong.

And so, now, when we all of us feel that the day has long gone by when all of those feuds should be buried; that the day has come when we feel nothing but kindness towards those who fought against

us, — yet we ought also to remember that the foundation of the Union was right, that the preservation of the Union was right, that the extinction of slavery was right. If those things were not right, then the war which spent blood and treasure and cost thousands of lives was the most ghastly gladiatorial show that was ever made. It was a war fought for the greatest idea that ever animated a great people.

When we come to look back into the past let us be generous as we look to the men but let us never allow that doctrine — "it is all the same a hundred years hence" — to be believed in. It is not the same a hundred years hence. It is well for us that the Union was founded as it was founded by Washington; it is well for us that it was saved as it was saved by Lincoln and his great commanders. And as we think of this nation brought into being with much travail, saved through the expenditure of much precious blood, let us gird up our loins and resolve that we will dedicate ourselves to the preservation of the country which has cost us so much. The country that so many men have died for, is the country that all men may live for and may serve.

LAW AND FAITH AND FREEDOM.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

It was my fortune a while ago for the first time in my life to enjoy an opportunity to see that marvellous region, the territory west of the Mississippi, and the Pacific coast. I saw the grandeur and beauty of prairie and plain, of lake and ocean, of

mountain and river. I saw the forests which, it is said, had gained their mighty growth when the cedars of Lebanon were in the seed. I saw Shasta and Hood and Tacoma lift their imperial foreheads to the sun, crowned with eternal snows. I saw the vast expanse of Puget Sound, and that Golden Gate from which in the near future commerce and empire are to go out to command the pathways of the Pacific and the vast spaces of the East. I saw the wonderful fields of Washington, where, as Sydney Smith said of Australia, "If you tickle the earth with a hoe, she laughs with a harvest," and where in a latitude north of our own the cotton ripens and Southern fruits mature.

I came home with a new pride that I am an American and that these things are part of my country, of yours and mine. But my eyes have looked on no fairer vision than when one morning I looked out on the fields of New Hampshire; the valley of the Merrimack had put on its June glory, and wore those tints with which nature in New England touches and colors grass and leaf and tree and stream and pool with an exquisite beauty which she uses nowhere else on the face of the earth. Ah, my friends! there is no loveliness like that of the blossom of the vine whose root is by the rock of Plymouth — of law and faith and freedom.

What children have been born to them in every generation for these two hundred and seventy years, that have been rocked in this New England cradle! The men who subdued the forests; the men of the French and Indian wars; the men of Louisburg and Quebec; the statesmen and soldiers of the Revolution; the sailors of the great sea-fights from 1812 to 1815; the youth of 1861, our beautiful and brave, who gave their lives that our

country might live; Webster, who first taught America her own greatness and whose great argument was behind every bayonet and was carried home with every cannon-shot in the war that saved the Union; Adams, who in the cause of liberty breasted the stormy waves of the House of Representatives at eighty-three; Channing, the Apostle of the dignity of manhood; Longfellow, who sits at every American fireside, a beloved and perpetual guest; Emerson, helper of those who would live by the spirit, the grave, sweet accents of whose voice seem on the morning wind still floating and to the willing mind still whispering; Sumner, of the white soul, whose blood shed in the Senate chamber was the baptismal water of our newer liberty.

As I name these names I seem to hear a strain of lofty music. Is it the voice of New England, the voice of pilgrim and saint and martyr and sage and hero, of mountain and forest and lake and stream, of church and school and farm and homestead — "of all her voices, one?" Or is it all the muses at once singing in the aged ear of their beloved Whittier? A few years more and the people of Plymouth will be getting ready to celebrate their third centennial. It will be no cycle of Cathay that they will celebrate. It will be no cycle of Europe. It will be three centuries of America. It will be three centuries which are still but the early childhood of the life of that nation born at Plymouth which shall abide so long as God shall give law and faith and freedom to abide among men.

DEMOCRACY.

CHARLES A. DANA.

We all look with pride and joy at the United States, our land, our nation, which in only one century has grown from a handful of poverty-stricken individuals into a powerful, an invincible nation, and which stands first among the proudest powers of the earth. And when we ask ourselves what it is that has wrought this unheard-of miracle of history, when we inquire what it is that has raised up this giant, there is only one answer; and I care not to what party you belong, you will agree with me as I pronounce it, it is the power of democracy. This it is which has done this great work, this it is which alone can do the greater work of the future, covering this continent with myriads of prosperous and progressive citizens, making everywhere in this vast expanse a scene of joy and beauty, raising liberty and progress to a height never yet known or imagined in the history of man.

If you ask me what is democracy, what is it that has done this thing, and that has before it this almost inconceivable destiny — I will tell you what I think it is. Democracy — and I am not talking about the democracy which is laid down in any party platform, I am speaking about the real thing which abides as an inspiration in the soul and prompts men to great and heroic and abiding action in behalf of their country — democracy, first, then, is the spirit of nationality, it is the sense that we are all Americans of America and that we love this land and are devoted to its future with a zeal and a warmth and an ardor such

as has been exhibited on many a stricken field and of which the glory still remains. This is a feeling of nationality which binds us to America alone not to any other country. We are Americans for America. We are democrats for democracy.

The second element of democracy is liberty — first, Americanism, next, liberty — and by liberty I mean the freedom from interference with the enterprise, the energy, the life, the force, the vitality, the genius of the individual citizen. A free country must have free men. America must have Americans; and they must be free to think, to speak, to write, to act, to associate, to work, to carry forward the destiny of this great future towards which we are looking.

The third principle of democracy is equality; and I have not seen this so well stated anywhere as in the words of Benjamin F. Butler, "Equal rights, equal powers, equal privileges and equal burdens to all men under the law." That is the essence of democracy and all else that can be said about it is only comment. Equal rights, equal privileges, no class, no superior, no inferior, no man better, none less powerful. A millionnaire as good as a man that works for a dollar a day.

In order to accomplish these three great purposes — nationality, liberty, equality — what follows? There must be a democratic government where the people rule, where each man's vote and voice is just as powerful as that of every other man, and let me say this also, where there is no interference of government, of a dictator, of a superior, whatever he may be called, where there is freedom, where the Constitution of the United States is fully enforced, where the harmony between the national overnment and the State governments is never

violated, but where equilibrium secures liberty, and where the absence of government interference secures liberty and equality to all. That is the ideal condition and that is the condition which can only be maintained by the realization of democracy in its fullest and completest sense.

THE SENSE OF PUBLIC DUTY.

A. E. PILLSBURY.

THERE are some ills which affect all society and all government and from these we cannot hope to be exempt. There are some that inevitably attend our growth in wealth and numbers which call for prompt remedy. But we may compare our condition with that of any other nation — we may compare it with our own condition at any former period of our history — and we shall find the comparison favorable.

Fortune has lavished all her gifts upon us. Everything which material abundance can contribute to human comfort and happiness is ours. We have outrun all the richest nations on the earth in the race of prosperity. We have developed a capacity which seems illimitable to absorb the surplus populations of the four quarters of the earth without any visible check to prosperity or serious disturbance of social order. We are at peace with all the world and so we are likely to remain. And with prudence and wisdom in the use of their splendid opportunities, with public spirit and fidelity to public duty, no people under to-day's sun has more to rejoice in, less to fear, more to hope for, than the American people.

Our safeguard and defence is in the awakening of public spirit and a quickened sense of public duty. This is the paramount need of our times. Public spirit was the virtue which distinguished the fathers of the Revolution. The Declaration of Independence was the fruit of it. The resistance of the colonies against the invasion of their chartered rights which led up to the Declaration, the war and the conquest of independence which followed and vindicated it, the establishment of the United States under the Constitution, all the great and memorable events which culminated in the American Republic, were born of the same generous and patriotic impulse which moves noble minds to sacrifice private interests to the public good. Public spirit is the same sense of duty applied to public affairs.

It was this which under Omnipotence created our government and this is the only force that can maintain it. It is the only sure defence against popular apathy and the indifference of the people to their interests. To arouse it and keep it alive is the first duty of prudence and patriotism; and on this in spite of all evil forebodings we may depend to carry us safely among the rocks and shoals which lie in the course of popular government.

There is no room in our political system for the Pharisaism which looks with contempt or indifference upon public duty and "with mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain" passes by the practical work of government; and especially is there no room for it in the education and training of youth in whose generous impulses and high aspirations are the hope and security of the future. The highest end of education is not learning but character. The noblest product of culture is a good citizen.

Teach the young men to know their government and to believe in it. Fill their minds with the glorious memories and examples of our history. Teach them that love of letters may go hand in hand with love of country and burn into their hearts with the fire of patriotism the lesson that there is no higher privilege and no nobler duty than that which belongs to an American citizen.

The stream will not always run clear but its source in the heart and conscience of the people will not be corrupted. The national character has been tried by severe tests. It withstood the blighting influence of slavery and it did not yield even to the white-heat of civil war. The people can be trusted, they are sound at the core. The great questions on which the integrity of the Government depends are safe in their hands. They have been right on these questions when all the statesmen were wrong, they will often move slowly but they will move in the right way.

Let us, then, look forward with hope and confidence trusting in the God-fearing, law-abiding character of the American people, — "rich in saving common sense" grounded in love of justice and order and vital with public spirit — to keep this great republic secure in the enjoyment of liberty and strong in the righteousness that exalteth a nation.

HOME AND SCHOOL THE BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

We behold at present only the rising of our sun of empire, only the fair seeds and beginnings of a great nation. Whether that glowing orb shall attain to a meridian height or fall suddenly from its glorious sphere; whether those prolific seeds shall mature into autumn ripeness or shall perish yielding no harvest — depends on God's will and providence. But God's will and providence operate not by casualty and caprice but by fixed and revealed laws. If we would secure the greatness set before us, we must find the way which those laws indicate and keep within it. That way is new and all untried. We departed at the beginning from the beaten track of national ambition. Our lot was cast in an age of revolution — a revolution which was to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government, from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion, from under subjection to matter to domination over nature.

It was ours to lead the way; to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations; to fight its earliest battles; to enjoy its earliest triumphs; to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues; and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and our magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and the martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a noble and generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness

is to be won by beneficence without ambition. We are in danger of losing that holy zeal, we are surrounded by temptations. Our dwellings become palaces and our villages are transformed as if by magic into great cities. Fugitives from famine and oppression and the sword crowd our shores and proclaim to us that we alone are free and great and happy. Our empire enlarges. The continent and its islands seem already to fall within our grasp and more than even fabulous wealth opens at our feet. No public virtue can withstand, none ever encountered such seductions as these. Our own virtue and moderation must be renewed and fortified under circumstances so new and peculiar.

Where shall we seek the influence adequate to a task so arduous as this? Shall we invoke the press and the pulpit? They only reflect the condition of the public morals and cannot change them. Shall we resort to executive authority? The time has passed when it could compose and modify the political elements around it. Shall we go to the Senate? Conspiracies, seditions, and corruptions in all free countries have begun there. Where, then, shall we go to find an agency that can uphold and renovate declining public virtue? Where should we go but there where all republican virtue begins and must end? where the Promethean fire is ever to be rekindled until it shall finally expire? where motives are formed and passions disciplined? to the domestic fireside and humble school where the American citizen is trained. Instruct him there that it will not be enough that he can claim for his country Lacedemonian heroism but that more than Spartan valor and more than Roman magnificence is required of her.

Go, then, ye laborers in a noble cause, gather the young, Protestant and Catholic alike, into the nursery of freedom and teach them there that although religion has many different shrines on which may be made the offering of a "broken spirit" which God will not despise, yet that their country has appointed only one altar and one sacrifice for all her sons and that ambition and avarice must be slain on that altar for it is consecrated to humanity.

DISTRUST OF THE PEOPLE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A CHRONIC distrust of the people pervades the book-educated classes of the North, they shrink from that free speech which is God's normal school for educating men, throwing upon them the grave responsibility of deciding great questions and so lifting them to a higher level of intellectual and moral life. Trust the people — the wise and the ignorant, the good and the bad — with the gravest questions and in the end you educate the race, while you secure, not perfect institutions, not necessarily good ones, but the best institutions possible while human nature is the basis and the only material to build with.

This distrust shows itself in the growing dislike of universal suffrage and the efforts to destroy it made of late by all our easy classes. The white South hates universal suffrage, the so-called cultivated North distrusts it. Journal and college, social science convention and the pulpit, discuss the propriety of restraining it. Timid scholars tell

their dread of it. Carlyle that bundle of sour prejudices flouted universal suffrage.

No democracy ever claimed that the vote of ignorance and crime was as good in any sense as that of wisdom and virtue. It only asserts that crime and ignorance have the same right to vote that virtue has. Only by allowing that right and so appealing to their sense of justice and throwing upon them the burden of their full responsibility can we hope ever to raise crime and ignorance to the level of self-respect. The right to choose your governor rests on the same foundation as the right to choose your religion; and no more arrogant or ignorant arraignment of all that is noble in the civil and religious Europe of the last five hundred years ever came from the triple crown on the Seven Hills than that sneer from the bigot Scotsman.

Some men affected to scoff at democracy as no sound basis for national debt, doubting the payment of ours. Europe not only wonders at its rapid payment but the only taint of fraud that touches even the hem of our garments is the fraud of the capitalist cunningly adding to its burdens and increasing unfairly the value of his bonds; not the first hint from the people of repudiating an iota even of its unjust additions. Yet the poor and the unlearned class is the one they propose to punish by disfranchisement!

No wonder the humbler class looks on the whole scene with alarm. They see their dearest right in peril. When the easy class conspires to steal, what wonder the humbler class draws together to defend itself! True, universal suffrage is a terrible power and with all the great cities brought into subjection to the dangerous classes by grog and Congress sitting to register the decrees of

capital, both sides may well dread the next move. Experience proves that popular governments are the best protectors of life and property. But suppose they were not — suppose that universal suffrage endangered peace and threatened property, there is something more valuable than wealth, there is something more sacred than peace. As Humboldt says, "The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a man."

To ripen, lift, and educate a man is the first duty. Trade, law, learning, science and religion are only the scaffolding wherewith to build a man. Despotism looks down into the poor man's cradle and knows it can crush resistance and curb ill-will. Democracy sees the ballot in that baby hand and selfishness bids her put integrity on one side of those baby footsteps and intelligence on the other lest her own hearth be in peril. Thank God for his method of taking bonds of wealth and culture to share all their blessings with the humblest soul he gives to their keeping!

The American should cherish as serene a faith as his fathers had. Instead of seeking a coward safety by battening down the hatches and putting men back into chains he should recognize that God places him in this peril that he may work out a noble security by concentrating all moral forces to lift this weak, rotting and dangerous mass into sunlight and health. The fathers touched their highest level when with stout-hearted and serene faith they trusted God that it was safe to leave men with all the rights he gave them. Let us be worthy of their blood and save this sheet-anchor of the race — universal suffrage, God's Church, God's school, God's method of gently binding men into commonwealths in order that they may at last melt into brothers.

EFFECT OF AMERICAN EXAMPLE.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

How many colonies have been more wisely and humanely and liberally administered under the warning of our Revolution! How many churches have abated something of their intolerance and bigotry under the encouragement of our religious freedom! Who believes or imagines that free schools, a free press, the elective franchise, the rights of representation, the principles of constitutional government would have made the notable progress they have made, had our example been wanting? Who believes or imagines that even the rotten boroughs of Old England would have disappeared so rapidly had there been no American representative republic? Has there been a more effective influence on human welfare and human freedom since the world began than that which has resulted from the existence of a great land of liberty in this Western hemisphere, of unbounded resources, with acres enough for a myriad of homes and with a welcome for all who may fly to it from oppression from every region under the sun?

Our fathers were no propagandists of republican institutions in the abstract. Their own adoption of a republican form was at the moment almost as much a matter of chance as of choice, of necessity as of preference. The thirteen colonies had happily been too long accustomed to manage their own affairs and were too wisely jealous of each other also to admit for an instant any idea of centralization, and without centralization, a mon-

archy, or any other form of arbitrary government was out of the question.

Union was then as it is now the only safety for liberty but it could only be a constitutional union, a limited and restricted union founded on compromises and mutual concessions; a union recognizing a large measure of State rights — resting not only on the division of powers among legislative and executive departments but resting also on the distribution of powers between the States and the nation both deriving their original authority from the people.

This was the system contemplated by the Declaration of 1776. This was the system approximated to by the Confederation of 1778–1781. This was the system finally consummated by the Constitution of 1789. And under this system our great example of self-government has been held up before the nations fulfilling so far as it has fulfilled it that lofty mission which is recognized to-day as "Liberty enlightening the World."

Let me not speak of that example in any vainglorious spirit. Let me not seem to arrogate for my country anything of superior wisdom or virtue. Who will pretend that we have always made the most of our independence or the best of our liberty? Who will maintain that we have always exhibited the brightest side of our institutions or always intrusted their administration to the wisest or worthiest men? Who will deny that we have sometimes taught the world what to avoid as well as what to imitate? and that the cause of freedom and reform has sometimes been discouraged and put back by our shortcomings or by our excesses?

Our light has been at best but a revolving light warning by its darker intervals or its sombre

shades as well as by its flashes of brilliancy or by the clear lustre of its steadier shining. Yet in spite of all its imperfections and irregularities, to no other earthly light have so many eyes been turned, from no other earthly illumination have so many hearts drawn hope and courage. It has breasted the tides of sectional and of party strife. It has stood the shock of foreign and of civil war. It will still hold on, erect and unextinguished, defying "the returning wave" of demoralization and corruption. Millions of young hearts in all quarters of our land are awakening at this moment to the responsibility which rests peculiarly upon them for rendering its radiance purer and brighter and more constant and are resolving that it shall not be their fault if it do not stand for a century to come as it has stood for a century past a beacon of liberty to mankind. With those young hearts it is safe.

THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE day on which the battle of Lexington occurred was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made but from the nature of the case with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted whether there was an efficient order given that whole day to any body of men as large as a regiment. It was the people in their first capacity as citizens and as freemen starting from their beds at midnight

from their firesides and from their fields to take their own cause into their own hands.

Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime when the want of everything is fully made up by the spirit of the causes and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflecting mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery by the name of subordination merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse which scarce ever desert the individual bosom are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out to nourish it into strength and fury.

But in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their right, moving not in organized, disciplined masses but in their spontaneous action, man for man and heart for heart — though I like not war nor any of its works, — there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination and brave flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home where his mother and his sisters sit waiting with tearful eyes and aching hearts to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of the conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into

marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others, but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer.

The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out, but the people never invade and when they rise against the invader are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains they fly to the mountains, steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles, the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado and nature — God — is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath an atmosphere of falling snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into the counsels and a madness into the hearts of their enemies; and he never gave, and never will give a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people resolved to be free.

ADMONITION TO COMING GENERATIONS.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THANKS be to God, who overrules everything for good that by his blessing we present our country to the world this day without a slave white or black upon its soil! Thanks be to God, not only

that our beloved Union has been saved but that it has been made both easier to save and better worth saving hereafter by the final solution of a problem before which all human wisdom had stood confounded for so many generations! Thanks be to God, that we can now read the great words of the Declaration without reservation or evasion, — "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

We come, then, with hearts full of gratitude to God and man to pass down our country and its institutions not without shadows on the past or clouds on the future, — but freed forever from at least one great stain and firmly rooted in the love and loyalty of the people — to the generations which are to succeed us. And what shall we say to those succeeding generations as we commit the sacred trust to their keeping and guardianship?

If I could borrow the masterly pen of Jefferson and produce words which should partake of the immortality of those which he wrote, if I could command the matchless tongue of John Adams when he poured out appeals and arguments which moved men from their seats and settled the destinies of a nation, if I could catch but a single spark of those electric fires which Franklin wrested from the skies, and flash down a phrase, a word, a thought along the magic cords which stretch across the ocean of the future — what could I, what would I say?

I could not omit, certainly, to reiterate the solemn obligations which rest on every citizen of this Republic to cherish and enforce the great

principles of our Colonial and Revolutionary Fathers — the principles of liberty and law, one and inseparable — the principles of the Constitution and the Union. I could not omit to urge on every man to remember that self-government politically can only be successful, if it be accompanied by self-government personally; that there must be government somewhere and that if the people are indeed to be sovereigns, they must exercise their sovereignty over themselves individually as well as over themselves in the aggregate, voluntarily imposing upon themselves some measure of that restraint and discipline which under other systems is supplied from the armories of arbitrary power — the discipline of virtue in the place of the discipline of slavery.

I could not omit to caution them against the corrupting influences of intemperance, extravagance and luxury. I could not omit to warn them against political intrigue as well as against personal licentiousness and to implore them to regard principle and character rather than mere party allegiance in the choice of men to rule over them. I could not omit to call upon them to foster and further the cause of universal education; to give a liberal support to our schools and colleges; to promote the advancement of science and of art in all their multiplied divisions and relations; and to encourage and sustain all those noble institutions of charity which in our own land above all others have given the crowning grace and glory to modern civilization.

I could not refrain from pressing upon them a just and generous consideration for the interests and the rights of their fellow-men everywhere and an earnest effort to promote peace and good-

will among the nations of the earth. And surely, most surely, I could not fail to invoke them to imitate and emulate the examples of virtue and purity and patriotism which the great founders of our colonies and of our nation have so abundantly left them.

RESISTANCE OF MAL-ADMINISTRATION.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

We ought persistently to present and emphasize the idea that the Declaration of Independence was the protest of honest and sturdy men against the wrongs and oppressions of misgovernment. The reasons and justification for their revolt are exhibited in their recital of a long list of grievous instances of mal-administration. They complained that their interests had been so neglected and their rights as lawful subjects so violated under British rule that they were absolved from further fealty. Our fathers in establishing a new government upon the will of the people and consecrated to their care and just protection, could not prescribe limitations which would deny to political parties its conduct and administration.

The opportunities and temptations thus necessarily presented to partisanship have brought us to a time when party control is far too arrogant and bitter and when in public place the true interests of the country are too lightly considered. In this predicament those who love their country may well remember with comfort and satisfaction that the disposition of the American to revolt against mal-administration still remains to them and is the

badge of their freedom and independence as well as their security for continued prosperity and happiness.

They will not revolt against their plan of government for its protection and preservation supply every inspiration of Americanism; but because they are free and independent American citizens they will as long as their love and veneration for their government shall last revolt against the domination of any political party which intrusted with power sordidly seeks only its continuance; and which faithlessly violating its plain and simple duty to the people insults them with professions of disinterested solicitude while it eats out their substance.

And yet with all this we should not in blind security deny the existence of danger. The masses of our countrymen are brave and therefore generous; they are strong and therefore confident; they are honest and therefore unsuspecting. Our peril lies in the ease with which they may be deluded and cajoled by those who would traffic with their interests. We must then warn the American people of the necessity on their part of a vigilant watchfulness of their rights and a jealous exaction of honest and unselfish performance of public duty.

THE PROBLEM OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The powers of government were assumed by the people of the republic and they became the sole source of authority. The solemn

ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions. The occasion was not an accident but a result. It was the culmination of the working-out by mighty forces through many centuries of the problem of self-government.

It was not the triumph of a system, the application of a theory or the reduction to practice of the abstractions of philosophy. The time, the country, the heredity and environment of the people, the folly of its enemies and the noble courage of its friends gave to Liberty after ages of defeat, of trial, of experiment, of partial success and substantial gains, this immortal victory. Henceforth it had a refuge and a recruiting-station. The oppressed found free homes in this favored land and invisible armies marched from it by mail and telegraph, by speech and song, by precept and example to regenerate the world.

Puritans in New England, Dutchmen in New York, Catholics in Maryland, Huguenots in South Carolina, had felt the fires of persecution and were wedded to religious liberty. They had been purified in the furnace and in high debate and on bloody battle-fields, had learned to sacrifice all material interest and to peril their lives for human rights. The principles of constitutional government had been impressed upon them by hundreds of years of struggle and for each principle they could point to the grave of an ancestor whose death attested the ferocity of the fight and the value of the concession wrung from arbitrary power.

They knew the limitations of authority, they could pledge their lives and fortunes to resist en-

croachments upon their rights but it required the lesson of Indian massacres, the invasion of the armies of France from Canada, the tyranny of the British Crown, the seven years' war of the Revolution, and the five years of chaos of the confederation, to evolve the idea upon which rests the power and permanency of the republic, — that liberty and union are one and inseparable.

THE CONSTITUTION NOT UNALTERABLE.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LET it be remembered that the Constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it. If they shall become convinced that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition or distribution of power between the State governments and the General Government they can alter that distribution at will.

If anything be found in the national Constitution either by original provision or subsequent interpretation which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction unacceptable to them be established so as to become practically a part of the Constitution they will amend it at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it as it is, while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it, who has given or who can give to the legislatures a right to alter it either by interference, construction or otherwise?

Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do anything for themselves. They imagine there is no safety for them any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the State legislatures. The people have not trusted their safety in regard to the General Constitution to these hands. They have required other security and taken other bonds.

They have chosen to trust themselves: First, To the plain words of the instrument and to such construction as the Government themselves in doubtful cases should put on their powers under their oaths of office and subject to their responsibility to them, just as the people of a State trust to their own governments with a similar power.

Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents whenever they see cause.

Thirdly, they have reposed trust in the judicial power which in order that it might be trustworthy they have made as respectable, as disinterested and as independent as was practicable.

Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely in case of necessity or high expediency on their known and admitted power to alter or amend the Constitution peaceably and quietly whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And finally the people of the United States have at no time, in no way directly or indirectly, authorized any State legislature to construe or interpret their high instrument of government, much less to interfere by their own power to arrest its course and operation.

If the people in these respects had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could

neither have been preserved nor would it have been worth preserving. And if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies could possibly desire. It will exist in every State but as a poor dependant on State permission. It must borrow leave to be and will be no longer than State pleasure or State discretion sees fit to grant the indulgence and to prolong its poor existence.

But although there are fears there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own Constitution, for years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity and renown grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. They are now generally strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault it cannot be; evaded, undermined, nullified, it will not be, if we and those who shall succeed us as agents and representatives of the people shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust, faithfully to preserve and wisely to administer it.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

"In the name of God, Amen."

On the twenty-first day of November, 1620, in the cabin of the "Mayflower" as she lay at anchor in Provincetown Harbor, the compact signed by the adult males of that immortal ship's company of exiles began with this solemn phrase, — the formal, technical, habitual beginning of solemn instru-

ments; and to-day amid such different conditions, we repeat with intense and loving emphasis the old phrase and load each word with gratitude and praise. As we gather to dedicate this monument to the memory of those illustrious forefathers, to the honor of their principles and convictions, to the preservation and amplification of true liberty, we reverently, like unto the statue of Faith, uplift our faces and raise our hands to the unchanged heavens and the changeless Father and solemnly repeat, "In the name of God, Amen."

It is not a mere fanciful conception, that in this phrase lies the power which produced and the seed from which sprung the action of that company and the results thereof. It is perhaps true that he who drafted that instrument, somewhat unconsciously and as a matter of common habit, used that formal phrase with which it was customary to open solemn instruments and it may be further true that those who subscribed their names may not have felt any special thrill as these words were read aloud to them in the little cabin and yet it is true that this purpose — to do and to live "in the name of God" — is the only possible, as it is the amply sufficient, explanation of all that had preceded and all which has followed, that act.

My countrymen, the chiefest merit of those to whom this monument has been erected was their loyalty to the truth as they saw the truth. For its sake they separated themselves from the communion of the church of their fathers and surrendered the sympathy of brethren with whom they agreed in most matters; for it they were violators of the law of the realm and accepted prison rather than obedience; for it they tore in twain the dear ties which bind men to their country and became exiles.

This is the noblest attribute of man, that he can love truth supremely and this marked our fathers. Its pursuit is the loftiest vocation of the human intellect, its sincere and reverent acceptance the purest exercise of the will and love for it the highest of all emotions. The truth as we see it — to be loyal to that truth is our supremest duty and there is no place too sacred to enter in search of it. The veil has been rent in the midst and to the reverent and earnest soul there is free entrance to the very holy of holies.

Reverence for the fathers means constant progress not stagnation. To be animated with their spirit, controlled by similar emotions and intent on noble objects is true reverence. To this loyalty, to this truth we dedicate this monument and ourselves and our posterity — not to any particular tenet nor creed nor form nor mode in Church or State; not to any custom nor fashion nor belief; but to the truth as the advancing years may reveal it to the untrammelled present and to the fearless advocacy of it. To that freedom of the intellect and of the soul which knows no other limitation than allegiance to truth, in the name of the fathers, we dedicate this monument and ourselves.

For ages it will stand the enduring witness to brave and resolute conduct, to privations and sacrifices, to thrift and frugality, to domestic love and unaffected piety, to rectitude in thought as well as in life, to correct principles and true beliefs, to Christian fidelity and faith. Around it will gather the love of many and to all it will give nobler views of life and higher resolves of duty.

But if by some sad convulsion it were toppled into the sea, the fathers would remain. They are immortal and to-day we stand uncovered in that

august presence and in that presence all human distinctions fall abashed to insignificance and that which is eternal fills our eyes, — man, truth, God; man as man in the simple majesty of his humanity, truth in the matchless beauty of its uncovered face and God revealed to the hearts of his children. Here and now we rededicate ourselves to a more fervent love for man as man, to a braver allegiance to truth for truth's sake, and this in the name of God, Amen and Amen.

THE PILGRIM COMMEMORATION.

JOHN D. LONG.

I CANNOT forbear recalling how many names and events wreathing like garlands the span of three centuries are associated with this commemoration day of the landing of the Pilgrims. Almost visibly present with us in their ancient costume and just landing from the "Mayflower" are the Pilgrim men and women — Carver and Brewster and Bradford and Winslow and Standish, and Rose, his wife, and Mary Chilton, first of her sex and color, and first in a long line of increasing grace and beauty, to set foot on Plymouth soil.

Mingle with our own the resounding voices of the great orators, Webster, Everett, Choate, Winthrop, and many another, who found their most eloquent themes in the sacrifices and achievements of the forefathers and have embedded their story in the patriotic literature of the republic! We hear Longfellow singing in our very ears the pastoral of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens; and if we are careful not to look at the placid harbor

where no waves break or dash, we thrill with Mrs. Hemans's inspiring song. We are conscious that there is with us almost in some embodied shape the spirit of that loyal love and pride which throughout this old colony have made the hearts of the people as consecrated as is the soil itself to the honor and fame of the Pilgrims.

And now the monument to the honor and fame of these noble men and women stands finished. Beautiful and sublime in its colossal simplicity, it looks over the sea that bore the "Mayflower" to the rock at its feet, and is backed by the mighty republic stretching from ocean to ocean, and from gulf to polar sea, in the march of which the Pilgrim landing was the first great step. It is the eloquent voice of a mighty nation of more than sixty million happy and enlightened people uttering their tribute to the nation's founders and signifying their faith in its foundations of education, morality, law and liberty.

The celebration of the completion of the national monument to the Pilgrim Fathers would indeed be dwarfed in the grandeur of its purpose if every State in the Union and every race and color that is an element of the American people, were not participant in person or in interest in its dedication, for the Pilgrim still lives wherever the American flag floats. He shines in every star of its constellation and waves in every stripe of its folds. His stock has spread wide across the republic and his characteristics and influence moulding its institutions have spread more widely still. The great federal Republic, mightiest among the nations of the earth is itself substantially the expansion of his compact in the cabin of the "Mayflower."

THE AGE OF MILES STANDISH.

F. T. GREENHALGE.

THE lineal descendants of the Pilgrims are as numerous as the army of Xerxes and much more prosperous. And every ship that comes across the Atlantic brings us fresh claimants. Is it not a glorious paradox when freemen everywhere even those born under other skies than these assert that they have the Pilgrims to their fathers, that the Pilgrim Fathers are indeed the fathers of the freemen of the world? I know of no land so remote as not to be better for these men of Plymouth, no foe so imbittered as not to feel sensibly the benefits conferred on humanity by the lives of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Pilgrim mothers and children. The child of to-day is the "heir of all the ages." Tell me if among the treasures of his heritage, the age of Miles Standish is not as rich a legacy as the age of Leonidas or the age of the Gracchi?

But we are told that the Pilgrim Fathers erected a theocracy narrow and rigid; yet that theocracy be it remembered was a declaration of spiritual independence against a church which in the hands of kings and prelates had become a "petrified mace" smiting into stone the spiritual and civil liberties of Englishmen. They erected a theocracy but be it remembered again, the iron bands of that theocracy were but the setting which held and protected the priceless jewel of civil liberty.

You have reared a monument and it is necessary to satisfy the craving for some material memorial. 't is needed more by living men than by the illus-

trious dead. Their monument is an empire not of continent but of the hearts and minds of men. How seldom it is that so small a company have achieved such large results! The musket-shot of Standish echoed at Concord and it was reverberated in the roar of Gettysburg. The prayer of Bradford in the lonely forest is taken up to-day at ten thousand altars. As streams of living water flowed from the rock when struck by the rod of Moses, so when the footsteps of the Pilgrims struck the rock of Plymouth, streams of living water fertilized the world with liberty and law and all the blessings of civilization.

They were a small company and of comparatively humble station. But we realize to-day that they were the vanguard of as powerful a race as has trod the earth for a thousand years. Their purposes were modest, yet in every step of their path, westward they were led by the star of empire. Their worldly possessions were small yet in the largest sense they carried with them the fortunes of the universe — the dearest hopes of mankind. I will not say merely that forty-two great communities praise them by imitating them; I say that we have sixty millions of free people each one of them a unit of self-government and therefore that sixty million Republican commonwealths controlled by law, by temperance, by inspired religion, moving on to a higher civilization, form the abiding monument of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

J. Q. A. BRACKETT.

MASSACHUSETTS welcomes this grand addition to the monuments with which its soil is studded and which minister to the patriotic sentiments of its people. But Massachusetts is itself the best monument to the Pilgrims. Whatever is most glorious in its history, whatever is noblest in its laws, its institutions, its character, whatever has contributed in the most abundant measure to its greatness, whatever affords the strongest basis of hope for its future, may be traced to the moulding influence of the heroic men and women to whom we pay our tribute.

They were the architects to whom is due the credit for the beauty and grandeur and utility of the political structure which has been built in accordance with their designs. They furnished the chart showing the course which the ship of state should take and from which its pilots since have aimed to keep it from deviating. When we review the history of Massachusetts, when we contemplate its growth and development from the humble beginning at Plymouth, when we glance at the events which are recorded in its annals and the names of the men whose careers have enriched them, the mental eye rests first upon the example of the Pilgrim Fathers towering above all other examples and shedding a golden light whose radiance illumines the Commonwealth and cheers the hearts of all lovers of liberty everywhere.

The monument is not needed to perpetuate the fame of the Pilgrims; that is as safe from the

waves of oblivion as is Plymouth Rock from the billows of the sea, more permanent than any granite shaft can be. The function of this memorial is rather to prove the filial reverence of the descendants for the virtues of their ancestors and to keep their memory fresh in the minds of men for their emulation and guidance. Monuments serve as admonitions for the present as well as remembrancers of the past. Built of durable material and resting on solid foundations they are emblems of the enduring nature and effect of noble actions; and pointing upward they symbolize the elevating influence of such actions upon the mind and heart.

So this memorial shall be inspiring and instructive to those who make their pilgrimages to Plymouth to view the historic spot where New England began and about which clusters its most hallowed associations. It will revive their recollections of the story of the Pilgrims. It is an old, old story. It is read in childhood. It is re-read with interest in maturity and age. Historians have many times narrated it; orators have made it the frequent theme of their eloquence; artists have illustrated it; poets have embalmed it in song. Familiar as the narrative is, our attention cannot be too often directed to it. It should not be suffered to remain stored away in the silent chambers of forgetfulness covered with the dust of years. And by repeatedly contemplating it we shall learn its many lessons and feel the thrill of its grand inspirations.

At the celebration of the commencement of this now completed work the oration was delivered by the then Governor of Massachusetts. It was in the highest degree fitting that, as Plymouth Rock

was the corner-stone of the Commonwealth, the corner-stone of the monument should be laid with ceremonies in which the chief magistrate of the State took a leading part. Massachusetts was then as ever before and since in practical accord with the principles of liberty of which the Pilgrims were the early expounders. The same could not then be said truly of the nation at large. It was well that the progress of the work should be stayed until those principles should everywhere be incorporated into the laws of the land.

That grand result has since been reached. Fulfilled have become the prophetic words of the Pilgrim governor who said, "As one small candle may light a thousand, so the light kindled here may in some sort shine even to the whole nation." The Pilgrim light and liberty has at length irradiated every nook and corner of the land. Freedom now is national. Its blessings are not confined to any State or any section or denied to any race. It is the birthright of all who dwell on American soil.

FIDELITY TO GOD IS FIDELITY TO MAN.

A. J. GORDON.

More can truthfully be said to the praise of the worthies, the Pilgrims, whose names we honor, than there is time to express. Of whom could it more truly be said, that "they builded better than they knew"? Who supposes that they ever dreamed of the noble republic whose germ and principles they bore in the hold of the "Mayflower"? They were simply dutiful servants of the

Most High, not architects of their own fortunes and like Abraham they obeyed the voice of God and went out not knowing whither they went, that they might inherit a land which he should afterward give them. Had they been mindful of that country whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to return but now they sought a better country, and God gave them one which far surpassed their thoughts.

I remember to have read that, years after its completion, General Jackson's campaign at New Orleans was sharply criticised in Congress and Judge Douglas in a masterly speech vindicated it. Afterwards meeting the judge, the general cordially thanked him and said, "I always knew that I was right in what I did at New Orleans but I never knew why I was right until I read your speech." The remark may awaken a smile but there is something deeply philosophical in it. The thinker must come after the actor to interpret his conduct for him. As the master takes up some rude melody of the troubadour and sets it to music, so thinkers have to set to logic the deeds of the world's great actors. Instinct is greater than reason because it reads the mind of God yet knows it not. It was a divine instinct that guided the helm of the "Mayflower" and it was a divine instinct which guided the footsteps of the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock and it is for us to exult in the clear reasonableness of what they did.

In another sense, these forefathers were great thinkers for they thought God's thoughts after him, careless of the contradictions which those thoughts might bring to our human logic. This was their intellectual heroism that they believed God though they thereby made every man a liar.

It is the fashion nowadays to admire the Puritan and decry Puritanism. But it was the doctrine that made the man and not the man the doctrine. Iron in the thinker's brain is just as needful if he is to grasp and master the dark problems of the universe, as iron in the blacksmith's blood is needful if he is to wield and mould the iron bar which he holds in his hand. And our Puritan fathers had the iron from the hills of eternal truth so wrought into their blood that they sent down a current of stalwart convictions which a score of generations have not outgrown.

May this be the lesson which we gain from them — that fidelity to God is the surest way of fidelity to man. The truest humanity is that which is born of the truest divinity. And therefore if we would realize the prayer of George Fox the Quaker, that of being baptized into a sense of all conditions, let us know that we must be baptized into God's truth as well as into God's love. This, then, shall be my closing sentiment: The Pilgrim Fathers, as they are marching on year by year in the culture and wealth and greatness which their sons have wrought out after them, may the Pilgrim sons fall back year by year upon the piety and virtue and conscience which their fathers wrought out before them.

THE PILGRIMS AS CONQUERORS.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Of the many misstatements in regard to the Pilgrim Fathers, none, perhaps, is so misleading as that which alleges that they came not as the conquerors come. Whatever else they were or were not, the Pilgrim Fathers were pre-eminently conquerors. They were, it is true, few and feeble, but they were the forerunners of a mighty host. The little handful of God-fearing men who landed on Plymouth Rock on that December day, ever sacred now to the memory of great deeds, and that other band of adventurous Englishmen who built their cabins in Virginia, were the heads of two great columns which came for the conquest of the North American continent.

It was a career of conquest from the beginning. They conquered the savages, they drove back the French, they threw off the control of the mother country, they swept France from the mouth of the Mississippi, and Spain from the Floridas; they wrested from Mexico the great State of Texas, and took the land of the Golden Gate into their keeping. Then through all these intermittent battles with men both savage and civilized, there has been a steady and unbroken struggle with the forces of nature, which has resulted in bringing the whole of this great domain within the control and use of civilized man. History records no conquest vaster than this; and it is the great prototype of all the conquests of the English-speaking race, which now surround the world and stretch from pole to pole.

In the presence of such achievements we may well ask what it is that distinguishes these conquerors from the conquering races of other times? If you will turn to the "Beginnings of New England," just published by one of the most brilliant of American historians, Mr. John Fiske, you can find set forth what I conceive to be the true answer. The conquests of the early Eastern empires were mere subjugations; the conquered people simply became the slaves of the conqueror; they never became a part of the nation which had taken possession of them. The empires thus constructed fell to pieces as rapidly as they had been made, for there was no binding force to any of them.

Then came the great empire of Rome, and here was developed a new principle. In addition to subjugation we find incorporation. The regions conquered by Rome were not merely subjugated, they were incorporated in the empire and thanks to this profound policy, that empire endured for centuries. But something still was lacking — something which should be always vital and should never wither. That something was the principle of representation. To subjugation and incorporation, representation in government was added by that great conquering race which has built up commonwealths all over the globe, — the English-speaking people.

This principle which they brought with them to this continent was planted in Massachusetts by the Pilgrim Fathers, as it was planted in Virginia by the London adventurers, and spreading from those points, it has reached a wider extension and a greater influence in the United States than in any other country in the world. In town and country,

in State and nation, we find the great principle of government by representation in full operation. How well it has worked is demonstrated by a century of marvellous success under the Constitution of the United States and by the forty-two stars in the flag that floats above us.

THE PILGRIM'S IDEA OF HOME.

J. M. W. HALL.

We are met, not to lay our garlands on the graves of the Pilgrims but to pluck the ripened fruit from the trees which they planted and to commemorate with profound gratitude that event which more than any other shaped the religious history of New England, and made her what she was, and is, and, we hope, shall continue to be in religious education and patriotism. We should be unworthy our rich inheritance did we lightly retain our birthright, or underestimate the sacrifices made to secure for us so great a liberty. It can hardly be expected that we shall find much that is new in ground so often trodden and searched over for treasures. But it is not novelty or surprises that we seek; it is rather a closer association with and knowledge of these men and women who knew what they believed and acted according to their convictions; and this fountain of inspiration shall never become dry.

Whatever the Pilgrims showed themselves to be on these shores was not any sudden development of character which new and trying circumstances alone could call forth. What they were here, is what they were before they crossed the sea; and

what the home was, is what they were. It was their idea of home in that age, so marked for its license and gorgeous display, and the overpowering sense of social distinction which brought in vivid contrast the men and women who recognized "the meanest peasant ennobled as a child of God." They did not overestimate the value of the Christian home in its relation to the State, society and church, for what the level is of the homes of a free nation, so the level is of the morality, enterprise, and industry of that nation.

To establish this fundamental principle was one of the chief attractions to our Pilgrim Fathers in making their homes in this new land. And this citadel of home must forever remain impregnable. We are only safe so far as we hold to the same Pilgrim principles, to the home idea which they made so prominent. You may easily determine the character of the citizen by finding out what his idea of home is; you may know how much of value he places on home by finding out how much of God there is in it. Parental authority faithfully enforced and recognized at home is the basis of all social and civil order and as a divine command must produce loyal citizens.

Such was the Pilgrim's idea of home — God's laws supreme; such was the Pilgrim's creed, and such they taught in the family. We do not wonder that with such a basis the foundation of civil and social order and religious liberty which they laid has remained so firm. You cannot produce poor citizens out of such doctrines. If we have found their doctrines too strong for us, at least let us recognize the strong character of the men and women who believed and lived them. And when others can be found equally heroic and self-sacrificing and faith-

ful, if they ask us to accept more comfortable doctrines, we can decide which is the better and safer teaching, not by what may suit our inclination so much as by what is the relative value of the work produced.

It is one thing to be able to see that a line is crooked, and another to be able to draw a straight line. Only let us be sure before we start that the work is in the line and not in our vision. And as we think of what they did and what they were, reverently and gratefully do we repeat the words written to the Pilgrims by some of their brethren in England, — "Let it not be grievous with you that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end."

THE PILGRIM CHARTER AND COVENANT.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

I WILL not abate one word of the stern creed that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to this country and enabled them to win their amazing victory of faith. Certainly we have taken great liberties since, in differing from them and from each other and from ourselves. And herein we follow their example. For while the Pilgrims lived, these words were recorded of them by a church historian, — "Because one day certifieth to another, therefore they will not be tied on Tuesday morning to that which they professed on Monday night." Glorious liberty of seekers after light! But on every day, and most of all on the final day and in the final hour they did believe that there are

truths which transcend all material facts and interests, truth not to be exchanged for gold nor bartered for the wealth of the world.

This subjection to ideas, this devotion to principle has often been made a reproach alike of the fathers and of the children. It was the glory of the Pilgrims. It has always been the glory of New England and there is the biding of her power. When I think of the strange enterprise of 1620, I recall the words with which Garibaldi once recruited his forces, — "I offer you hunger, cold, want, wounds, death. Whoso will choose these for liberty, let him follow me." Words of a fanatic — germs of an empire also. So might Bradford and Carver have addressed the congregation at Leyden, — "Beyond the seas are famine, pestilence, the perils of savage warfare. Whoso will brave these for freedom and for faith, let him embark with us." Such was the charter party of the "Mayflower." Such was the covenant made by the men of the "Mayflower."

So far removed from the domain of common prudence and common sense was her voyage, that some descendants of the Pilgrims have tried to explain away her fanaticism. They would palliate if they cannot wholly excuse the faith of their fathers. One learned professor has written a work to prove that they came not for religion not for liberty but solely for the sake of gain. As speculators indeed they were in advance of their age. Leyden Street was the Wall Street of 1620. Their design, he tells us, was to raise corn, catch fish, and by dealing with the Indians in furs to become men of wealth. Any one who can believe this would believe that the three hundred Spartans manned the steep defile only that they might

"bull the market" for Persian arrow-heads and "get up a corner" in Persian spearheads.

The professor was misled by the commercial activity of the Pilgrims which carried them so early to Menomet, to the Dutch settlements, to the Kennebec, and the Penobscot. But Governor Bradford explained this long since. It was because of "the great engagements that lay so heavily upon them." In other words, they could not rest till they had paid their debts. Strange beings! they combined high faith in God with good faith toward their fellow-men. "Their faces were set Zionward" but none of their promises were allowed to go to protest on the way.

Hear what they said themselves of their purpose; you will recognize the words as fragments from the introduction of a discourse preached in 1621 in sight of fifty new-made graves, — "And you, my loving friends, as it has been your purpose to settle religion rather than profit or popularity, so I beseech you go on. I rejoice that you thus honor God with your substance. I doubt not you shall be repaid in this world double and treble, yea, and the memory of this action shall never die." This is not the prospectus of a speculator. It is the pæan of triumph from the lips of a rejoicing saint to whom a vision of the future has been revealed for a moment.

"The memory of this action shall never die." Where others could see only a shallow harbor and a barren shore, with a few frail huts, cut off from the world by the sea on one side, and on all others by a dark forest filled with savage life, he saw fair villages and thriving towns; he saw arising a mighty republic, consecrated to freedom and to progress, "crowned with light imperial," owned

and blessed by Heaven. He saw it afar off and was glad. We see the fulfilment of his vision and all its triumphs and glories and promises; we trace it back to the faith of a few earnest men who found a home and a grave on the sands of Plymouth.

THE FATHER OF THE REVOLUTION.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

I CANNOT speak of the New England town-meeting without recalling its great genius, the New-Englander in whom the Revolution seemed to be most fully embodied. He was not eloquent like Otis, nor scholarly like Quincy, nor all-fascinating like Warren, yet bound heart to heart with these great men, his friends, the plainest, simplest, austerest among them, he gathered all their separate gifts, and, adding them to his own, fused the whole in that untiring energy, that unerring perception, that sublime will which moved before the chosen people of the colonies a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. Fellow-countrymen, your proud and grateful hearts outstrip my lips in pronouncing the name of Samuel Adams, the true American tribune of the people, — The Father of the Revolution, as he was fondly called.

Until 1768, Samuel Adams did not despair of a peaceful issue of the quarrel with Great Britain. But when in May of that year the British frigate "Romney" sailed into Boston Harbor, and her shotted guns were trained upon the town, he saw that the question was changed. From that moment he knew that America must be free or slave; and

the unceasing effort of his life, by day and night, with tongue and pen, was to nerve his fellow-colonists to strike when the hour should come. On that gray December evening two years later when he rose in the Old South, and in a clear calm voice said, — "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," and so gave the word for the march to the tea-ships, he comprehended more clearly perhaps than any man in the colonies, the immense far-reaching consequences of his words. He was ready to throw the tea overboard because he was ready to throw overboard the King and Parliament of England.

During the ten years from the passage of the Stamp Act to the fight at Lexington and Concord, this poor man in an obscure provincial town beyond the sea, was engaged with the British ministry in one of the mightiest contests that history records. Not a word in Parliament that he did not hear; not an act in Cabinet that he did not see. With brain and heart and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile order in Council with a British precedent and arrayed against the Government of Great Britain the battery of principles impregnable with the accumulated strength of centuries of British conviction.

The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townsend, the obsequious North, the reckless Hillsborough, the crafty Dartmouth, all the ermined and coroneted chiefs of the proudest aristocracy in the world, derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them, cheered loudly by a servile Parliament, the parasite of a headstrong king, — and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy, and held to it inexorably, Kings, Lords,

Commons, the people of England and the people of America.

Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him. Inshrined in the love of his fellow-citizens, the king's writ could not take him. And when, on the 19th of April, 1775, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw beyond the clouds of the moment the rising sun of the America we behold, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, — "Oh, what a glorious morning!"

Yet this man held no office but that of the clerk of the Assembly to which he was yearly elected and that of constant moderator of the town-meeting. That was his mighty weapon. The town-meeting was the alarm-bell with which he aroused the continent. It was the rapier with which he fenced with the ministry. It was the claymore with which he smote their counsels. It was the harp of a thousand strings that he swept into a burst of passionate defiance, or an electric call to arms, or a proud pæan of exulting triumph, — defiance, challenge and exultation, all lifting the continent to independence. His indomitable will and command of the popular confidence played Boston against London, the provincial town-meeting against the Royal Parliament, Faneuil Hall against St. Stephen's. And as long as the American town-meeting is known, its great genius will be revered, who, with the town-meeting, overthrew an empire. So long as Faneuil Hall stands, Samuel Adams will not want his most fitting monument; and when Faneuil Hall falls, its name, with his, will be found written as with a sunbeam upon every faithful American heart.

MERCHANTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

ELLIOT C. COWDIN.

THE battle of Lexington infused into the life of this people the first sentiment of American nationality. It was the inauguration of a civil war between portions of the foremost commercial nation of the time. From such a conflict trade shrinks with instinctive dread. Yet from the outset of the Revolutionary struggle, so unequal on the side of the colonies, the patriot cause was sustained by that class which had the most to lose in the event of failure.

What would have become of the suffering soldiers of Washington, Green, Gates, Lee, and some of their compatriots, in some of the darkest periods of the contest, except for the marvellous energy and skill of that eminent merchant of Philadelphia, Robert Morris, in furnishing money to carry on the struggle, and largely, too, by means of his own credit? But for him the army would have been disbanded. His services as a financier were as essential to the successful termination of the war as were those of Washington in the field.

It is a familiar fact that John Hancock, among hundreds of other wealthy merchants that could be mentioned, staked everything on the popular cause. I speak of him as a merchant; and if any one desires to know the kind of merchandise he dealt in, by referring to the "Boston Evening Post" of December 25, 1764, he will find the following advertisement: "To be sold by John Hancock at his store, No. 4, at the east end of Faneuil Hall Market, a general assortment of English and India goods; also Newcastle coals and Irish butter, chea-

for cash." Although the bulk of his property was in a number of wooden houses in Boston, yet when as president of the Congress he transmitted to Washington the resolution relating to an attack on Boston then held by the British troops, he said, — "May God crown your attempt with success! I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." The bombardment, which was happily averted, would have been the financial ruin of John Hancock.

Little known perhaps as a merchant and far less fortunate than Hancock in worldly affairs, Samuel Adams was equally patriotic and incorruptible. "I am not worth buying," said he, when approached by an emissary of the British ministry, — "I am not worth buying, but such as I am, all the treasury of England could not pay for me." Well might Thomas Jefferson pronounce him "a truly great man, wise in council, fertile in resources, immovable in purpose."

"War," as Milton says, "moves by two main nerves, iron and gold." The merchants of the heroic period we are contemplating, generously placed their money and credit at the disposal of the feeble government. In a word, the history of the merchants of the thirteen colonies is the financial history of the War for Independence.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JOHN D. LONG.

RECALL the quaint and homely city of Philadelphia, the gloom that hung over it from the terrible responsibility of the step there taken, the modest all still standing and baptized as the Cradle of

Liberty. On its tower swung the bell which yet survives with its legend, — "Proclaim liberty throughout all the world to all the inhabitants thereof." That day it rang out a proclamation of liberty that will indeed echo round the world and in the ears of all the inhabitants thereof long after the bell itself shall have crumbled into dust.

Hancock is in the president's chair; before him sit the half-hundred delegates who at that time represent America. Among the names it is remarkable how many there are that have since been famous in our annals. The committee appointed to draft the declaration are Jefferson, youngest and tallest; John Adams; Sherman, shoemaker; Franklin, printer; and Robert R. Livingston. If the patriot, Samuel Adams, at the sunrise of Lexington could say, — "Oh, what a glorious morning!" how well might he have renewed in the more brilliant noontime of July 4, 1776, the same prophetic words!

There is nothing in the prophecies of old more striking and impressive than the words of John Adams, who declared the event would be celebrated by succeeding generations as a great anniversary festival and commemorated as a day of deliverance, from one end of the continent to the other; that through all the gloom he could see the light; that the end was worth all the means and that posterity would triumph in the transaction. I am not of those who overrate the past. I know that the men of 1776 had the common weaknesses and shortcomings of humanity. I read the Declaration of Independence with no feeling of awe; and yet if I were called upon to select from the history of the world any crisis grander, loftier, purer, more heroic, I should not know where to turn.

It seems simple enough to-day but it was something else in that day. The men who signed the Declaration knew not but they were signing warrants for their own ignominious execution on the gibbet. The bloody victims of the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were still a warning to rebels; and the gory holocaust of Culloden was fresh in the memory. But it was not only the personal risk; it was risking the homes, the commerce, the lives, the property, the honor, the future destiny of three million innocent people, — men, women, and children. It was defying on behalf of a straggling chain of colonies clinging to the sea-board, the most imperial power of the world. It was, more than all, like Columbus sailing into awful uncertainty of untried space, casting off from an established and familiar form of government and politics, drifting away to unknown methods, and upon the dangerous and yawning chaos of democratic institutions, flying from ills they had to those they knew not of, and perhaps laying the way for a miserable and bloody catastrophe in anarchy and riot.

There are times when ordinary men are borne by the tide of an occasion to crests of grandeur in conduct and action. Such a time, such an occasion, was that of the Declaration. While the signers were picked men, none the less true is it that their extraordinary fame is due not more to their merits than to the crisis at which they were at the helm and to the great popular instinct which they obeyed and expressed. And why do we commemorate with such veneration and display this special epoch and event in our history? Why do we repeat the words our fathers spoke or wrote? Why cherish their names, when our civilization is better than

theirs and when we have reached in science, art, education, religion, politics, in every phase of human development, even in morals, a higher level?

It is because we recognize that in their beginnings the eternal elements of truth and right and justice were conspicuous. To those eternal verities we pay our tribute, and not to their surroundings, except so far as we let the form stand for the spirit, the man for the idea, the event for the purpose. And it is also because we can do no better work than to perpetuate virtue in the citizen by keeping always fresh in the popular mind the great heroic deeds and times of our history. The valuable thing in the past is not the man or the event, — which are both always ordinary and which under the enchantment of distance and the pride of descent, we love to surround with exaggerated glory, — it is rather in the sentiment for which the man and the event stand. The ideal is alone substantial and alone survives.

THE DIGNITY OF OUR NATION'S FOUNDERS.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

THE Declaration of Independence was, when it occurred, a capital transaction in human affairs; as such it has kept its place in history; as such it will maintain itself while human interest in human institutions shall endure. The scene and the actors, for their profound impression on the world, at the time and ever since, have owed nothing to dramatic effects, nothing to epical exaggerations. To the

eye there was nothing wonderful or vast or splendid or pathetic in the movement or the display. Imagination or art can give no sensible grace or decoration to the persons, the place, or the performance which made up the business of that day. The worth and force that belong to the agents and the action rest wholly on the wisdom, the courage and the faith that formed and executed the great design, and the potency and permanence of its operation upon the affairs of the world which followed as foreseen and legitimate consequences.

The dignity of the act is the deliberate, circumspect, open and serene performance by these men, in the clear light of day and by a concurrent purpose, of a civic duty which embraced the greatest hazards to themselves and to all the people from whom they held this disputed discretion but which to their sober judgments promised benefits to that people and to their posterity, exceeding these hazards and commensurate with its own fitness. The question of their conduct is to be measured by the actual weight and pressure of the manifold considerations which surrounded the subject before them and by the abundant evidence that they comprehended their vastness and variety. By a voluntary and responsible choice they willed to do what was done and what without their will would not have been done.

Thus estimated, the illustrious act covers all who participated in it with its own renown and makes them forever conspicuous among men, as it is forever famous among events. And thus the signers of our Declaration of Independence "wrote their names where all nations should behold them and all time should not efface them." It was "in the course of human events" intrusted to them to

determine whether the fulness of time had come when a nation should be born in a day. They declared the independence of a new nation in the sense in which men declare emancipation or declare war, — the declaration created what was declared.

Famous always among men are the founders of states and fortunate above all others in such fame are these, our fathers, whose combined wisdom and courage began the great structure of our national existence and laid sure the foundations of liberty and justice on which it rests. Fortunate first in the clearness of their title and in the world's acceptance of their rightful claim. Fortunate next in the enduring magnitude of the State they founded and the beneficence of its protection of the vast interests of human life and happiness which have here had their home. Fortunate again in the admiring imitations of their work which the institutions of the most powerful and most advanced nations more and more exhibit. Fortunate last of all in the full demonstration of our later time that their work is adequate to withstand the most disastrous storms of human fortunes and survive unwrecked, unshaken and unharmed.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND JOHN ADAMS.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THOMAS JEFFERSON of Virginia and John Adams of Massachusetts! The pen and the tongue, the masterly author and the no less masterly advocate of the Declaration of Independence! What legend

of ancient Rome or Greece or Egypt, what myth of pre-historic mythology, what story of Herodotus or fable of Æsop would have seemed more fabulous and mythical — did it rest on any remote or doubtful tradition and had not so many of us lived to be startled and thrilled and awed by it — than the fact that these two men, under so many different circumstances and surroundings of age and constitution and climate, widely distant from each other, living alike in quiet neighborhoods remote from the smoke and stir of cities, and long before railroads or telegraphs had made any advance toward the annihilation of space, should have been released to their rest and summoned to the skies, not only on the same day but that day the Fourth of July, and that Fourth of July the fiftieth anniversary of that great Declaration which they had contended for and carried through so triumphantly!

What an added emphasis Jefferson would have given to the inscription on his little desk, — "Politics, as well as religion, has its superstitions," — could he have foreseen even the close of his own life, much more the simultaneous close of these two lives, on that day of days! Oh, let me not admit the idea of superstition. Let me rather reverently say, as Webster said at the time in that magnificent eulogy which left so little for any one else to say as to the lives or deaths of Adams and Jefferson, — "As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognize in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of his care?" And now another fifty years have passed away and still that most striking, most impressive, most memorable coincidence in all American history or even in the

authentic records of mankind is without a visible monument anywhere.

In the interesting little city of Weimar, renowned as the resort and residence of more than one of the greatest philosophers and poets of Germany, many a traveller must have seen and admired the charming statues of Goethe and Schiller standing side by side and hand in hand on a single pedestal, and offering as it were the laurel wreath of literary priority or pre-eminence to each other. Few nobler works of art in conception or execution can be found on the continent of Europe.

And what could be a worthier or more just commemoration of the marvellous coincidence of which I have spoken and of the men who were the subjects of it and of the Declaration with which alike in their lives and in their deaths they are so peculiarly and so signally associated, than just such a monument with the statues of Adams and Jefferson side by side and hand in hand upon the same base pressing upon each other in mutual acknowledgment and deference, the victor palm of a triumph for which they must ever be held in common and equal honor? It would be a new tie between Massachusetts and Virginia. It would be a new bond of that Union which is the safety and glory of both. It would be a new pledge of the restored good will between the North and South. It would be a fit recognition of the great hand of God in our history. Before all others let us have the statues of Adams and Jefferson on a single block as they stood together in years past as they were translated together on the same memorable day, foremost for Independence in their lives and in their deaths not divided.

CAPTAIN HALE AND MAJOR ANDRÉ

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

MAJOR ANDRÉ'S story is the one overmastering romance of the Revolution. American and English literature is full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. After the lapse of a hundred years there is no abatement of absorbing interest. What had this young man done to merit immortality? The mission whose tragic issue lifted him out of the oblivion of other minor officers, in its inception was free from peril or daring and its objects and purposes were utterly infamous. Had he succeeded by the desecration of the honorable use of passes and flags of truce, his name would have been held in everlasting execration.

In his failure the infant republic escaped the dagger with which he was feeling for its heart and the crime was drowned in tears for his untimely end. His youth and beauty, his effervescing spirits and magnetic disposition, the brightness of his life, the calm courage in the gloom of his death, his early love and disappointment, the image of his lost Honora hid in his mouth when captured in Canada, and the exclamation, "That saved, I care not for the loss of all the rest," surrounded him with a halo of poetry and pity, which have secured for him what he most sought and could never have won in battles and sieges, a fame and recognition which have outlived that of all the generals under whom he served.

Are kings only ungrateful? and do republics forget? Is fame a travesty and the judgment of

mankind a farce? America had a parallel case in Captain Nathan Hale. Of the same age as André, he graduated at Yale College with high honors, enlisted in the patriot cause at the beginning of the contest and secured the love and confidence of all about him. When no one else would go upon a most important and perilous mission, he volunteered and was captured by the British. While André received every kindness, courtesy and attention and was fed from Washington's table, Hale was thrust into a noisome dungeon in the sugar-house. While André was tried by a board of officers and had ample time and every facility for defence, Hale was summarily ordered to execution the next morning. While André's last wishes and bequests were sacredly followed, the infamous Cunningham tore from Hale his cherished Bible and destroyed before his eyes his last letters to his mother and sister and asked him what he had to say. "All I have to say is," was his reply, "I regret I have but one life to lose for my country."

His death was concealed for many months because Cunningham said he did not want the rebels to know they had a man who could die so bravely. And yet, while André rests in that grandest of mausoleums, where the proudest of nations garners the remains and perpetuates the memories of its most eminent and honored children, the name and deeds of Nathan Hale have passed into oblivion and only a simple tomb in a village churchyard marks his resting-place. The dying declarations of André and Hale express the animating spirit of their several armies and teach why with all her power England could not conquer America. "I call upon you to witness that I die like a brave man," said André; and he spoke from

British and Hessian surroundings, seeking only glory and pay. "I regret I have but one life to lose for my country," said Hale; and with him and his comrades self was forgotten in that absorbing, passionate patriotism which pledges fortune, honor and life to the sacred cause.

JOHN HANCOCK.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

WAS there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man than that which was won and worn by John Hancock? Not altogether a great man, not without some grave defects of character, we will remember nothing save his presidency of the Congress of the Declaration and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta. Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place, — the very same chair in which Washington was to sit, eleven years later, as president of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair on the back of which Franklin was to descry "a rising and not a setting sun," when that Constitution had been finally adopted; behold him, the young Boston merchant, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his own head, sitting there in all the calm composure and dignity which so peculiarly characterized him and which nothing seemed able to relax or ruffle.

He had chanced to come on to Congress the previous year just as Peyton Randolph had been com-

pelled to relinquish his post and go home to die and having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him and with the ready good-humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms and placed him in the presidential chair. Then turning to some of the members about, he exclaimed, — "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our president whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation!"

Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The Declaration is adopted. It is already late in the evening, and all formal promulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the Old Bell in the cupola above his head, proclaiming liberty to all mankind and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes.

Meantime for him however a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The paper is before him. You may see the very table on which it was laid and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now. He dips his pen and with an untrembling hand proceeds to execute a signature which would seem to have been studied in the schools and practised in the counting-room and shaped and modelled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable "as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades."

Under that signature with only the attestation of a secretary, the Declaration goes forth to the American people to be printed in their journals, to be proclaimed in their streets, to be published from their pulpits, to be read at the head of their armies, to be incorporated forever into their history. The British forces driven away from Boston are now landing on Staten Island and the reverses of Long Island are just awaiting us. They were met by the promulgation of this act of offence and defiance to all royal authority. But there was no individual responsibility for that act save in the signature of John Hancock, president, and Charles Thomson, secretary. Not until the 2d of August was our young Boston merchant relieved from the perilous, the appalling grandeur of standing sole sponsor for the revolt of thirteen colonies and three millions of people.

Sixteen years before as a very young man he had made a visit to London and was present at the burial of George II., and at the coronation of George III. He is now not only the witness but the instrument and in some sort the impersonation of a far more substantial change of dynasty on his own soil, the burial of royalty under any and every title and the coronation of a sovereign whose sceptre has already endured for a century. John Hancock's name and fame are secure; and whatever may have been his faults, we will remember that momentous and matchless signature and him who made it, with nothing but respect and admiration and gratitude.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE first imposing armed movement against the colonies on the 19th of April, 1775, did not take the people by surprise. For ten years they had seen the possibility, for five years the probability, and for at least a year the certainty, of the contest. They quietly organized, watched and waited. As the spring advanced, it was plain that some movement would be made. On Tuesday, the 18th, Gage, the British commander, who had decided to send a force to Concord to destroy the stores, picketed the roads from Boston in to Middlesex to prevent any report of the intended march from spreading into the country. But the very air was electric. In the tension of the popular mind every sight and sound was significant.

It was part of Gage's plan to seize Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington; and on the evening of the 18th, the Committee of Safety at Cambridge sent them word to beware, for suspicious officers were abroad. In the afternoon one of the governor's grooms strolled into a stable where John Ballard was cleaning a horse. John Ballard was a Son of Liberty; and when the groom idly hinted at what might take place next morning, John's heart leaped and his hand shook; and, asking the groom to finish cleaning the horse, he ran to a friend, who carried the news straight to Paul Revere, who told him he had already heard it from two other persons.

That evening, at ten o'clock, eight hundred British troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith took

boat at the foot of the Common and crossed to the Cambridge shore. Gage thought his secret had been kept but Lord Percy, who had heard the people say on the Common that the troops would miss their aim, undeceived him. Gage instantly ordered that no one should leave the town. But as the troops crossed the river, Ebenezer Dorr, with a message to Hancock and Adams, was riding over the Neck to Roxbury, and Paul Revere was rowing over the river to Charlestown, having agreed with his friend, Robert Newman, to show lanterns from the belfry of the Old North Church — "One if by land, and two if by sea" — as a signal of the march of the British.

Already the moon was rising, and while the troops were stealthily landing at Lechmere Point, their secret was flashing out into the April night; and Paul Revere, springing into the saddle, upon the Charlestown shore, spurred away into Middlesex. "How far that little candle throws its beams!" The modest spire yet stands, revered relic of the old town of Boston, of those brave men and of their deeds. Startling the land that night with the warning of danger, let it remind the land forever of the patriotism with which that danger was averted and for our children as for our fathers, still stand secure, the Pharos of American liberty.

It was a brilliant night. The winter had been unusually mild, and the spring very forward. The hills were already green. The early grain waved in the fields and the air was sweet with the blossoming orchards. Already the robins whistled, the bluebirds sang and the benediction of peace rested upon the landscape. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched and Paul

Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols who had been sent out to stop the news.

Stop the news! Already the village churches were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked, the cocks crew. Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired. And as long ago the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore wailing that great Pan was dead but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, — "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born!" so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of the British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, — "Good will to men, America is born!"

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL, 1775.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE British Parliament in 1774 had voted a law to prohibit the holding of town-meetings in New England for the purpose of choosing officers. It was too late; for the town-meetings had done their work. The villages of New England had responded

to Faneuil Hall and discussion in the towns had responded to the fiery letters of Adams and Otis. Preparations had been made. The people had determined to maintain their liberties at any cost and they were waiting only for the time when by any forcible act by which their property should be seized or their rights violated, they might be called upon to defend both in arms.

The day came. A glorious day for Lexington, for Concord, for Acton, for the towns of Middlesex, Essex and Norfolk, for Massachusetts and for the Country! It was accident only that the spark was there first kindled into flame, for the whole country from one end to the other was heated ready to flame up at the slightest spark. And when the day came, what a day of transformation it was! The men who were called from their beds at midnight at the tap of the drum at Lexington were English colonists. The men who marched down to the Old North Bridge, showing that they had a right to go to Concord on the king's highway, and they would go to Concord, were British subjects claiming the rights of Englishmen. That was America on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775.

At night on that day the American people were besieging in Boston the enemy, whom they had driven to take refuge under the shelter of the guns of the ships of war. The American nation was born with the day. Everything that succeeded it in the Revolution was but a corollary of this first, primal proposition. All the fortunes of the war were simply steps by which the American people were driving the British Government to an acknowledgment of the fact that was established as sure on the 19th of April, 1775, as it is established now

When a people have found something that they are willing to die for; when the humblest men, many of whom could have gone on still working at their trades, and taking their comfort and ease in life, are willing instead of all this, for a principle, as subjects who felt that they had a duty to mankind which they have got to discharge, to take their lives in their hands and say, We will lay them down, if need be, for an object, — the independence of that people is secure, their future certain. The 19th of April, 1775, the glorious day for Lexington and Concord, for the towns of Middlesex, for Massachusetts, for America, for the freedom and rights of mankind! Every blow struck for liberty among men since that day is but an echo of the guns of that eventful morning.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers or to himself?

Modest, disinterested, generous, just, of clean hands and a pure heart, self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever

governing his impulses, a wisdom ever guiding his valor, true to his friends, true to his country, true to himself, fearing God, no stranger to private devotion or public worship, but ever recognizing a divine aid and direction in all that he attempted and in all that he accomplished, — what epithet, what attribute, could be added to that consummate character to commend as an example above all other characters in merely human history?

From first to last he never solicited or sought an office, military or civil. Every office stood candidate for him and was ennobled by his acceptance of it. Honors clustered around him as if by the force of "first intention." Responsibilities heaped themselves on his shoulders as if by the law of gravitation. They could rest safely nowhere else and they found him ever ready to bear them all, ever equal to discharge them all. To what is called personal magnetism he could have had little pretension. A vein of dignified reserve repressed all familiarities with him. His magnetism was that of merit, superior, surpassing merit; the merit of spotless integrity, of recognized ability and of unwearied willingness to spend and be spent in the service of his country. That was sufficient to attract irresistibly to his support, not only the great mass of the people, but the wisest and the best of his contemporaries in all quarters of the Union; and from them he selected, with signal discrimination, such advisers and counsellors, in war and in peace, as have never surrounded any other American leader. No jealousy of their abilities and accomplishments ever ruffled his breast; and with them he achieved our independence, organized our constitutional government and stamped his name indelibly on the age in which he lived as the age of Washington.

Well and truly did Chief Justice Marshall say, "As if the chosen instrument of Heaven, selected for the purpose of effecting the great designs of Providence respecting this our Western Hemisphere, it was the peculiar lot of this distinguished man, at every epoch when the destinies of his country seemed dependent on the measures adopted, to be called by the united voice of his fellow-citizens to those high stations on which the success of those measures principally depended."

I do not forget that there have been other men in other days, in other lands and in our own land, who have been called to command larger armies, to preside over more distracted councils, to administer more extended governments and to grapple with as complicated and critical affairs. Gratitude and honor wait ever on their persons and their homes! But we do not estimate Miltiades at Marathon, or Pausanias at Platæa, or Themistocles at Salamis, or Epaminondas at Leuctra, or Leonidas at Thermopylæ, by the number of forces which they led on land or sea. Nor do we gauge the glory of Columbus by the size of the little fleet with which he ventured so heroically upon the perils of a mighty unknown deep. There are some circumstances which cannot occur twice, some occasions of which there can be no repetition, some names which will always assert their individual pre-eminence and will admit of no rivalry or comparison. The glory of Columbus can never be eclipsed, never approached, till our new world shall require a fresh discovery; and the glory of Washington will remain unique and peerless until American independence shall require to be again achieved, or the foundations of constitutional liberty to be laid anew.

SUPERIORITY OF WASHINGTON.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Jay, each represented some of the elements which formed the Union; Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned; but he, with unerring judgment, was always the leader of the people. Milton said of Cromwell, "That war made him great, peace greater." The superiority of Washington's character and genius was more conspicuous in the formation of our Government, and in putting it on indestructible foundations, than in leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country.

"The Union in any event," is the central thought of his farewell address and all the years of his grand life were devoted to its formation and preservation. He fought, as a youth, with Braddock, in the capture of Fort Du Quesne for the protection of the whole country. As commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, his commission was from the Congress of the united colonies. He inspired the movement for the republic, was the president and dominant spirit of the convention which framed its constitution and its president for eight years, and guided its course until satisfied that, moving safely along the broad highway of time, it would be surely ascending toward the first place among the nations of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free.

Do his countrymen exaggerate his virtues? Listen to Guizot, the historian of civilization, — "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country which he conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by re-establishing their sway." Hear Lord Erskine, the most famous of English advocates, — "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence." Remember the tribute of Charles James Fox, the greatest parliamentary orator who ever swayed the British House of Commons, — "Illustrious man! before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance." Contemplate the character of Lord Brougham, pre-eminent for two generations in every department of human activity and thought, and then impress upon the memories of your children his deliberate judgment, — "Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Chatham, who with Clive conquered an empire in the East, died broken-hearted at the loss of the empire in the West, by follies which even his power and eloquence could not prevent. Pitt saw the vast creations of his diplomacy shattered at Austerlitz and fell murmuring, "My country! How I leave my country!" Napoleon caused a noble tribute to Washington to be read at the head of his armies, but, unable to rise to Washington's greatness, witnessed the vast structure erected by conquest and cemented by blood — to minister to his own ambition and pride — crumble into fragments; and an exile and a prisoner he breathed

his last, babbling of battle-fields and carnage. Washington with his finger upon his pulse felt the presence of death and calmly reviewing the past and forecasting the future, answered to the summons of the grim messenger, "It is well!" And as a mighty soul ascended to God, the land was deluged with tears and the world united in his eulogy. Blot out from the page of history the names of all the great factors of his time in the drama of nations and preserve the name of Washington, and the century would be renowned.

WASHINGTON'S CHARACTERIZATION.

SAMUEL ELIOT.

One word only is a sufficient characterization of Washington — disinterestedness. Public life could not pervert it; private life could not stifle it. To him, self-seeking was absolutely unknown. He led others to the same disinterestedness. Out of his personal character has come the greatest of all Washington's claims upon our reverent gratitude. That character has been our inspiration. He led men to individual as well as to national life. He showed them the full meaning of independence, — independence of moral stain, of selfish ends, of all that works evil in the soul, not merely of external misrule, or of abuse which lays waste the state. This is far and away his crowning achievement. It is and will be his most lasting glory. This was his greatest victory. The victories of Trenton and Yorktown are over, their results remain.

His devotion to his country will be revered

throughout all history. The individual virtue, the personal sacrifice and kindliness of sympathy that mingled with fortitude and strictness of duty, the incomparable honor to which he clung and would have his countrymen cling, the devotion to country, the consecration to humanity, the ennobled and ennobling walk with God, — these are successes, these are victories which this signal example of them all is still renewing and will continue to renew throughout posterity.

Wellington is said to have estimated the presence of his great adversary, Napoleon, upon a battle-field, as equivalent to forty thousand men. Forty times forty thousand will not express the potency of Washington's memory upon the generations which have followed him. "And Douglas dead, his name had won the field." In the history of our country, he has stood, not unapproached, but never equalled, by the grand men who succeeded him.

Imagine Washington blotted out of the country, the service he rendered in life, the service he has rendered since his death, gone and forgotten, and it is as if an eclipse had robbed us of the sun.

God has given this nation many precious gifts; but the chief gift of all, the one, we may say, which has added something to every other one, is the gift of this great soldier, this great statesman, this great and good man, the greatest of all Americans, past, present, — past, if not to come.

Our heritage from him is illustrious above all others. He shows what manner of man and what manner of President may again take the helm and guide the State through all the tossing surges of time. No difficulties can be greater proportionally than those he faced; and, facing them, he laid out

a course, which, if his successors follow, and the nation with them, will lead them from century to century on to the farthest shore.

WASHINGTON AND OUR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

THE brief phrase — the schools and colleges of the United States — is a formal and familiar one; but what imagination can grasp the infinitude of human affections, powers and wills which it really comprises? But let us forget the outward things called schools and colleges and summon up the human beings. Imagine the eight million children actually in attendance at the elementary schools of the country brought before your view. Each unit in that mass speaks of a glad birth, a brightened home, a mother's pondering heart, a father's careful joy. In all that multitude, every little heart bounds and every eye shines at the name of Washington.

The two hundred and fifty thousand boys and girls in the secondary schools are getting a fuller view of this incomparable character than the younger children can reach. They are old enough to understand his civil as well as his military achievements. They learn of his great part in that immortal Federal convention of 1787, of his inestimable services in organizing and conducting through two Presidential terms the new Government, — services of which he alone was capable, — and of his firm resistance to misguided popular

clamor. They see him ultimately victorious in war and successful in peace but only through much adversity and many obstacles.

Next, picture to yourselves the sixty thousand students in colleges and universities — selected youth of keen intelligence, wide reading and high ambition. They are able to compare Washington with the greatest men of other times and countries and to appreciate the unique quality of his renown. They can set him beside the heroes of romance and history — beside David, Alexander, Pericles, Cæsar, Saladin, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, John Hampden, William the Silent, Peter of Russia, and Frederick the Great, only to find him a nobler human type than any one of them, more complete in his nature, more happy in his cause and more fortunate in the issues of his career. They are taught to see in him a soldier whose sword wrought only mercy and justice for mankind; a statesman who steadied a remarkable generation of public men by his mental poise and exalted them by his singleness of heart; and a ruler whose exercise of power established for the time on earth a righteous government by all and for all.

And what shall I say on behalf of the three hundred and sixty thousand teachers of the United States? None of them are rich or famous; most of them are poor, retiring, and unnoticed; but it is they who are building a perennial monument to Washington. It is they who give him a million-tongued fame. They make him live again in the young hearts of successive generations and fix his image there as the American ideal of a public servant. It is through the schools and colleges and the national literature that the heroes of any people win lasting renown; and it is through these

same agencies that a nation is moulded into the likeness of its heroes.

The commemoration of any one great event in the life of Washington and of the United States is well but it is nothing compared with the incessant memorial of him which the schools and colleges of the country maintain from generation to generation. What a reward is Washington's! What an influence is his and will be! One mind and will transfused by sympathetic instruction into millions; one life a pattern for all public men, teaching what greatness is and what the pathway to undying fame!

WASHINGTON AND THE CONSTITUTION.

JOHN M. HARLAN.

It is the concurring judgment of political thinkers that no event in all the history of the Anglo-Saxon race has been more far-reaching in its consequences than the organization of the present Government of the United States. And it is in every sense appropriate to connect the name of Washington with the Constitution which brought that government into existence. It is appropriate because his splendid leadership of the Revolutionary armies made it possible to establish upon this continent a government resting upon the consent of the governed, yet strong enough to maintain its existence and authority whenever assailed.

But it is especially appropriate for the reason that he was among the first of the great men of the Revolutionary period to discern the inherent defects in the articles of confederation; and but

for his efforts to bring about a more perfect union of the people, the existing Constitution, it is believed, would not have been accepted by the requisite number of States. He was indeed the pioneer of the Union established by that Constitution. Of the accuracy of these statements there is abundant evidence.

We are only in the spring-time of our national life, and yet we have realized all that Washington could possibly have anticipated from the creation of the present Government. What more could be desired in a system of government than is secured in the existing organizations of the General and State Governments with their respective powers so admirably adjusted and distributed as to draw from Gladstone the remark that the American Constitution was "the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man?"

Despite the fears of many patriotic statesmen at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, that that instrument would destroy the liberties of the people, every genuine American rejoices in the fulness of a grateful heart that we have a government under which the humblest person in our midst has a feeling of safety and repose not vouchsafed to the citizen or subject of any other country; with powers ample for the protection of the life of the nation and adequate for all purposes of a general nature, yet so restricted by the law of its creation in the exercise of its powers, that it cannot rightfully encroach upon those reserved to the States or to the people.

I will not allude to or discuss particular theories of constitutional construction, but I may say and I am glad that it can be truthfully said, that the mass of the people concur in holding that only by

maintaining the just powers of both the National and State governments can we preserve in their integrity the fundamental principles of American liberty. But while renewing our allegiance to the Constitution of Washington, let us not forget, my countrymen, that the liberty for which our fathers fought is liberty secured and regulated by law, not the liberty of mere license.

LESSONS FROM THE WASHINGTON CENTENNIAL.

GEORGE A. GORDON.

PICTURE to yourselves the joy and expectation of that day which saw the establishment of our Government a century ago. As the patriots of that day in the midst of festivity and joy, look back upon famine and nakedness and peril and sword, upon battle-fields and garments rolled in blood, as they think of their emergence from the long struggle weary and exhausted, as they recall their precarious existence as a nation under the articles of confederation, as they beheld the blessing of God upon their faith and courage and energy, can we not hear those voices, hushed so long ago, speaking to us and assuring us that they that sow in tears shall reap in joy?

We think of the founding of our government, and we recall at this moment the representatives of three generations of statesmen, Washington and Hamilton, Clay and Webster, Lincoln and Sumner. Our attention will be concentrated on the unique and commanding figure of the first President.

Through the renewed study and statement of his public career many lessons familiar indeed but of fresh importance will be read into the hearts of our country.

We cannot doubt in the case of Washington the fact of a divine call. Joshua was not more evidently called to command the armies of Israel than Washington to lead the forces of the united colonies. David was not more signally summoned from the sheep-folds to the throne of his people than Washington from his quiet home on the Potomac to the seat of supreme power over his countrymen. There was not a single believer in the Divine Being in the Constitutional Congress who did not hear in the voice of John Adams, when he moved the appointment of George Washington as Commander-in-chief of all the forces raised or to be raised, the creation and appointment of God.

So, in his election and re-election to the office of President, Hamilton set forth the clearness and urgency of the call in the remark that circumstances left Washington no option. That wonderful triumphal procession from Mount. Vernon to New York, through Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Trenton, is in response to the appeal and command not only of earth but of Heaven. As the nation's first President was called of God, so is the nation itself called. The divine ideal is before it as it was before him. God had work for Washington; he had work for his nation; he had work for every one of his fellow-citizens. An ideal good is before every man and divine power behind him. Let him consent to the control of the power.

The nation's life and each individual life within it is founded on the sense of obligation. We have

in the model of Washington a definition of duty in the special sense of the term, in the saying "I most heartily wish the choice may not fall upon me. The wish of my soul is to spend the evening of my days as a private citizen on my farm." There is the power of inclination, the pleading of personal ease and comfort, the assertion of individual good. In all this there is nothing wrong, until it comes into conflict with the national call, with the universal good. Then came the fight between the special and the general, the private and the public, the individual and the universal good.

The hope of a nation is in the choice to office of its best men. The historic peril of the republic lies in the choice of unfit men for eminent official position. This is our peril. It is well we are becoming more and more alive to it. Nevertheless it is well to remember that there have been times in our history when the voice of electors has been the voice of God. When Washington was elected, the fittest man was chosen. His was the rule of the wisest and best man. There are few living who will not confess that Abraham Lincoln was another example of the choice by the people of the best man. We turn in hope to the great future. After he had taken the oath, Washington bowed his head, kissed the Bible, and, with the deepest feeling, uttered the words, "So help me God." There was his hope. There is the hope of every man. There is the hope of the nation.

THE WASHINGTON ARCH IN NEW YORK.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

In other lands monumental arches and columns of victory celebrate territorial conquest, personal ambition and the armed march of empire. But in this younger land of liberty and law, where the army is but a policeman and the navy a watchman of the coast, we build an arch of peace, the symbol of the republic in which the guaranteed right of every citizen is the security of the commonwealth and whose chief magistrate is the perpetual illustration and inspiration of American citizenship.

It is him especially, the dominating figure of his time, the individual, personal force that has so largely moulded our history, him who refused the crown and made the Constitution live and move, who found his country a cluster of dependent colonies and left it an independent nation, it is Washington that this monument especially commemorates. That in the perilous tumult of his time, the jealous clash of doubtful communities and the hot conflict of selfish interests and passions, the Constitution should have been harmoniously drawn and peacefully ratified was in itself a miracle. Against probability, despite apprehension, beyond hope, so much was achieved.

But still the great question remained. There was the potential nation, the aspirations of liberty, the hopes of humanity hidden within it. There lay the statue completely wrought. Should it lie there like those huge Egyptian columns that were quarried, but never raised? Who should touch it with the vital spark? Where was the personal

power so sovereign, so calm, so pure, so acknowledged, that like the blessed might which stilled the raging waters of the sea, it should pacify the weltering passions of a continent and raising the motionless form of the nation, send it, alive, indomitable, resistless, upon its radiant and beneficent way?

We always gladly concede that Washington was good but we are not always so sure that he was great. But a man's greatness is measured by his service to mankind. If without ambition and without a crime, righteously to lead a people to independence through a righteous war; then without precedent and amid vast and incalculable hostile forces to organize their government and establish in every department the fundamental principles of the policy which has resulted in marvellous national power and prosperity and untold service to liberty throughout the world and to do all this without suspicion or reproach, with perfect dignity and sublime repose — if this be greatness, do you find it more in Alexander or Pericles, Cæsar or Alfred, in Charlemagne or Napoleon Bonaparte, or in George Washington?

As this majestic arch will stand here through the long succession of years, in the all-revealing light of day, visible at every point, and at every point exquisitely rounded and complete, so in the searching light of history stands Washington, strong, simple, symmetrical, supreme, beloved by a filial nation, revered by a grateful world. To the memory of such a character and of such events we dedicate this monument.

But to what does this monument dedicate us? Arching this thronged highway of the city, bending in silent benediction over the ceaseless flood of

multitudinous life which pours beneath, what will it say to the endless procession of Washington's fellow-countrymen? what is the voice, which, by erecting this monument, we make our own?

In his eulogy upon Washington, Gouverneur Morris said, that as the Constitutional Convention was about to organize, when success seemed hopeless, and despair suggested fatal compromise, Washington said, — "If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God."

There spoke the good genius of America. If any words were to be inscribed upon this arch, these words of Washington would be apples of gold in pictures of silver. What he said to the convention he says to us. It is the voice of the heroic spirit, which in council and in the field has made and alone will preserve our America. It is the voice that will speak from this memorial arch to all coming generations of Americans. Whatever may betide, whatever war, foreign or domestic, may threaten, whatever specious sophistry may assail the political conscience of the country, or bribery of place or money corrupt its political action, above the roar of the mob and the insidious clamor of the demagogue, the voice of Washington will still be the voice of American patriotism and of manly honor, — "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God."

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy during the perilous period of the Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience as President of the Convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the Chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up when the moment came for him so well and so grandly and so calmly to die!

He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever, hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might. There is one personal, one vast felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He was our first and most fervent love.

Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day in every colony. But the

American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774, and the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It is still her proud ejaculation. It will be the last gasp of her expiring life. Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated, many admired by all; but him we love, him we all love.

About and around him we call up no dissentient, discordant and dissatisfied elements, no sectional prejudice nor bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes! when the storm of battle grows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm and cheer every American heart. It shall reillume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated, —

"Where may the weary eye repose,
When gazing on the great?
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state.
Yes, one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make man blush, there was but one."

THE CONVENTION OF 1787.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE government of the republic by a congress of States — a diplomatic convention of the ambassadors of petty commonwealths — after seven years' trial was falling asunder. The response of

the country was the convention of 1787 at Philadelphia. The Declaration of Independence was but the vestibule of the temple which this illustrious assembly erected. With no successful precedents to guide, it auspiciously worked out the problem of constitutional government and of imperial power and home rule supplementing each other in promoting the grandeur of the nation and preserving the liberty of the individual.

The statesmen who composed this great senate were equal to their trust. Their conclusions were the results of calm debate and wise concession. Their character and abilities were so pure and great as to command the confidence of the country for the reversal of the policy of the independence of the State of the power of the General Government which had hitherto been the invariable practice and almost universal opinion, and for the adoption of the idea of the nation and its supremacy.

Towering in majesty and influence above them all stood Washington their president. Beside him was the venerable Franklin who though eighty-one years of age, brought to the deliberations of the convention the unimpaired vigor and resources of the wisest brain, the most hopeful philosophy and the largest experience of the times. Oliver Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States and the profoundest jurist in the country; Robert Morris, the wonderful financier of the Revolution; Gouverneur Morris, the most versatile genius of his period; Roger Sherman, one of the most eminent of the signers of the Declaration of Independence; and John Rutledge, Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, Edmund Randolph, and the Pinckneys, — were leaders of unequalled patriotism,

courage, ability and learning; while Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, as original thinkers and constructive statesmen, rank among the immortal few whose opinions have for ages guided ministers of state and determined the destinies of nations.

This great Convention keenly felt and with devout and serene intelligence met its tremendous responsibilities. It had the moral support of the few whose aspirations for liberty had been inspired or renewed by the triumph of the American Revolution and the active hostility of every government in the world. But the multitudes whom no argument could convince, who saw in the executive power and centralized force of the Constitution, under another name, the dreaded usurpation of king and ministry, were satisfied only with the assurance "Washington will be President."

No conqueror was ever accorded such a triumph, no ruler ever received such a welcome. In that memorable march of six days to the capital, it was the pride of the States to accompany him with the masses of their people to their borders, that the citizens of the next commonwealth might escort him through its territory. It was the glory of cities to receive him with every civic honor at their gates and entertain him as the savior of their liberties. He rode under triumphal arches from which children lowered laurel wreaths upon his brow. The roadways were strewn with flowers and as they were crushed beneath his horse's hoofs, their sweet incense wafted to Heaven the ever-ascending prayers of his loving countrymen for his life and safety. The swelling anthem of gratitude and reverence greeted and followed him along the country-side and through the crowded streets, — "Long live George Washington! Long live the Father of his People!"

FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

BEFORE all other titles, Franklin placed that of his chosen craft, that of a printer, and deemed no designation of himself complete in which that was not foremost. In the midst of his highest distinctions and while associated with statesmen and courtiers at home or abroad, he was proud to be found turning aside to talk, not merely with the Baskervilles and Strahans, who were so long his chosen friends, but with the humbler laborers at the press, "entering into their schemes and suggesting or aiding improvements in their art."

He had an early and intense perception of the dignity and importance of that great engine for informing and influencing the public opinion of the world and a prophetic foresight of the vast and varied power which a free press was to exert for good or for evil in his own land, and he seemed peculiarly anxious that his personal relations to it should never be forgotten. And they never will be forgotten. If Franklin had never been anything else than a printer, if he had rendered no service to his country or to mankind but those which may be fairly classed under this department of his career, he would still have left a mark upon his age which could not have been mistaken or overlooked.

It was as a printer that he set such an example to his fellow-mechanics of all ages, of industry, temperance and frugality. "The industry of that Franklin," said an eye-witness of his early habits Dr. Baird), "is superior to anything I ever saw of

the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." And you all remember how the ale-drinking apprentices of London sneered at him as the "water-American" and wondered how one who drank no "strong" beer could be so much stronger than themselves! It was as a printer that he instituted those clubs for discussion and mutual improvement which elevated the character and importance of the working-classes wherever they were introduced.

It was as a printer that he displayed such extraordinary mechanical ingenuity in making for himself whatever articles he needed in his own profession, founding letters of lead, carving ornaments and cuts of wood, engraving vignettes upon copper, mixing his own printer's ink and manufacturing his own plate press. It was as a printer that he set on foot the first subscription circulating library, "the mother of all in North America." It was as a printer that he did so much to improve the character of the newspaper press of the American Colonies, asserting its liberty, discouraging its licentiousness, protesting against its being employed as an instrument of scandal, defamation and detraction, and exhibiting it as the worthy and chosen vehicle of information, entertainment and instruction.

It was as a printer that he commenced and continued those delightful essays, sometimes political, sometimes historical, sometimes moral, sometimes satirical or playful, which are hardly inferior in wit and wisdom to the best papers of Johnson or of Addison, and which would have secured and established the permanent literary reputation of their author had no other monument of his labors

existed. It was as a printer, above all, that he prepared and published for so many years his immortal almanac under the name of Richard Saunders, with those inimitable proverbs, some of them only second to those of Solomon, of which so many millions of copies in almost every language and tongue known beneath the sun have been scattered broadcast throughout the world for the entertainment and instruction of young and old, rich and poor, wise and simple.

When will ever Poor Richard be forgotten? Or when will he ever be remembered without fresh admiration for the shrewd, sagacious common sense which he poured forth with such charming good-humor and in such exhaustless profusion? It was as a printer, a mechanic, that Franklin laid the foundations, strong and deep, of a character which no temptations or trials could ever shake and of a fame which will know no limit but those of civilization and no termination but that of time.

FRANKLIN AS A PHILOSOPHER.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

Franklin as a philosopher stands before us as distinctly as in any other character. When in his electrical researches he had completed that grand and unparalleled discovery — arresting the very thunder-bolts on their flaming circuit through the sky, challenging them forth from their chariots of fire and compelling them to a reluctant revelation of the nature of their mysterious, mighty energies — he had reached a pinnacle of glory which had

not been approached by any man of his country or of his age. His fame was flashed from pole to pole over the whole habitable globe and hardly a civilized region over which a thunder-cloud ever pealed or rattled was long left ignorant of him who had disarmed it of its shafts and stripped it of its terrors.

The boldness and sublimity of the experiment by which his theories were finally tested and confirmed have never been surpassed if they have ever been equalled in the walks of science; and even the battle-fields of ancient and modern history may be explored in vain for a loftier exhibition of moral and physical heroism.

See him go forth into the fields with no attendant but his own son lest a failure should bring discredit — not upon himself for no man cared less for anything which might concern himself — but upon the experiment he was about to try and upon the theory which he knew must prove true in the end. See him calmly awaiting the gathering storm and then lifting his little kite with an iron point at the top of the stick and a steel key at the end of the hempen string to draw deliberately down upon his own head a full charge of the artillery of heaven! See him, disappointed at first, but never despairing or doubting, applying his own knuckle to the key — knocking, as it were, at the very gates of the mighty Thunderer — and eagerly standing to receive that bolt from which so many of us, even now that he has provided so complete a shield, shrink away so often in terror!

A similar experiment is to cost the life of a distinguished Russian philosopher at St. Petersburg only a few months afterwards. Shall Franklin's life be spared now? Well has Everett suggested

to one's memory." These and many other passages of that precious little volume sunk deep into his mind, and gave the turn to the whole current of his career. Writing at the age of forty-three to "his honored mother," Franklin says, — "For my part, at present I pass my time agreeably enough. I enjoy, through mercy, a tolerable share of health. I read a great deal, ride a little, do a little business for myself, now and then for others, retire when I can, and go into company when I please; so the years roll round and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, 'He lived usefully,' than 'He died rich.'"

Writing to the son of Cotton Mather, within a few years of his own death in 1784 and after he had achieved a world-wide celebrity as a philosopher, a statesman and a patriot, he nobly says, — "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

And certainly if any man of his age or of almost any other age ever earned the reputation of a doer of good and of having lived usefully, it was Benjamin Franklin. No life was ever more eminently and practically a useful life than his. Capable of the greatest things, he condescended to the humblest. He never sat down to make himself famous. He never secluded himself from the common walks and duties of society in order to accomplish a great reputation, much less to accumulate a great fortune. He wrote no elaborate histories or learned treatises or stately tomes.

Short essays or tracts thrown off in a heat to answer an immediate end, letters to his associates in

science, or politics, letters to his family and friends, — these make up the bulk of his literary productions. These abound in evidences of a wisdom, sagacity, ingenuity, diligence, freshness of thought, fulness of information, comprehensiveness of reach, devotedness of purpose, such as are rarely to be found associated in any single man.

Wherever he found anything to be done, he did it; anything to be investigated, he investigated it; anything to be invented or discovered, he forthwith tried to invent or discover it and almost always succeeded. He did everything as if his whole attention in life had been given to that one thing. And thus while he did enough in literature to be classed among the great writers of his day, enough in invention and science to secure him the reputation of a great philosopher, enough in domestic politics to win the title of a great statesman, enough in foreign negotiations to merit the designation of a great diplomatist, — he found time also to do enough in works of general utility, humanity and benevolence to insure him a perpetual memory as a great philanthropist.

FRANKLIN AS A CHRISTIAN.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

A MOST characteristic and remarkable speech was delivered by Franklin in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, when he submitted that memorable motion seconded by Roger Sherman and sustained by only three or four voices, that "henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven

and its blessings on our deliberations be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

Franklin most nobly said, — "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that, 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest."

Glorious words! Precious testimony! Admirable example! The wisest and most venerable of all that wise and venerable assembly, full of the largest and richest and most varied experience, full, too, of the fruits of the most profound scientific and philosophical research, publicly acknowledging the utter insufficiency of all human wisdom and calling upon his associates to unite with him in "humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate their understandings."

Who shall say, that if inequalities or injustices or imperfections of any sort exist in the great work of that Constitutional Convention, which even now may threaten its overthrow, which even now

may involve us in the danger of being "divided by our little partial local interests," and of encountering the fate of "the builders of Babel," — who shall say that the adoption of Franklin's resolution might not have averted such a result? And who shall doubt that, if in the future administration of that cherished instrument, all human wisdom shall again be found signally at fault, the humble prostration of a whole people, governors and governed, in prayer to God for that most neglected of all subjects of prayer, — the preservation of our country and its Constitution, its union and its liberty, — might not be a more effectual safeguard than all the brawlings and bickerings and wranglings of self-relying and self-magnifying politicians?

We could all have wished that Franklin had been a more earnest student of the Gospel of Christ; but the devout reliance upon a superintending Providence, attested by frequent prayer, which characterized him from his youth upwards and which never failed him in public or private life, his intimacy with Whitefield and with the good bishop of St. Asaph, his earnest religious advice to his daughter and his strenuous remonstrance against the infidel publications of Paine, furnish ample evidence of a reverence for sacred things and solemn observances which might well put to shame the indifference of not a few of those who may be disposed to cavil about his views of Christianity.

INAUGURATION OF FRANKLIN STATUE, BOSTON.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

THE calm, dispassionate muse of history has pronounced her unequivocal award, not only assigning to Franklin no second place among the greatest and worthiest who have adorned the annals of New England, but enrolling him forever among the illustrious benefactors of mankind. And we are here this day to accept, confirm, and ratify that award for ourselves and our posterity by a substantial and enduring token, which shall no longer be withheld from your view.

Let it be unveiled! Let the stars and stripes no longer conceal the form of one who was always faithful to his country's flag, and who did so much to promote the glorious cause in which it was first unfurled! . . . And now behold him by the magic power of genius restored once more to your sight! Behold him in the enjoyment of his cherished wish, — revisiting his native town and the grounds he used to frequent when a boy! Behold him reappearing on the old schoolhouse-green, which was the playplace of his early days! Behold him, with the fur collar and linings, which were the habitual badge of the master-printers of the olden times and which many an ancient portrait exhibits as the chosen decorations of not a few of the old philosophers too, — Galileo, Copernicus, and Kepler, — who held, like him, familiar commerce with the skies! Behold him, with the scalloped pockets and looped buttons, and long Quaker-like vest and breeches, in which he stood arraigned and reviled

before the council of one monarch and in which he proudly signed the treaty of alliance with another!

Behold him, with the "fine crab-tree walking-stick" which he bequeathed to "his friend and the friend of mankind, General Washington," saying so justly, that "if it were a sceptre, he has merited it and would become it." Behold the man to whom Washington wrote for the consolation of his declining strength, — a consolation more precious than all the compliments and distinctions which were ever showered upon him by philosophers or princes. Other honors may grow cheap, other laurels may fade and wither, other eulogiums may be forgotten, the solid bronze before us may moulder and crumble, but the man of whom it may be said that he enjoyed the sincere friendship and secured the respect, veneration and affection, of Washington, has won a title to the world's remembrance which the lapse of ages will only strengthen and brighten.

Behold him, "the sage of antiquity coming back to give austere lessons and generous examples to the moderns," discoursing to the multitude of frugality and industry, of temperance and toleration! Behold Poor Richard, pointing the way to wealth, and dealing out his proverbs of wit and wisdom! Behold him, with that calm, mild, benevolent countenance, never clouded by anger or wrinkled by ill-humor, but which beamed ever as at this instant with a love for his fellow-beings and "a perpetual desire to be a doer of good" to them all! Behold him, children of the schools, bending to bestow the reward of merit on each one of you that shall strive to improve the inestimable advantages of our noble free schools! Behold him, mechanics,

holding out to you an example of diligence and economy and virtue and personifying the triumphant success which may await those who follow it!

Behold him, ye that are humblest and poorest in present condition or in future prospect; lift up your heads and look at the image of a man who rose from nothing, who owed nothing to parentage or patronage, who enjoyed no advantages of early education which are not open, a hundred-fold open, to yourselves; who performed the most menial offices in the business in which his early life was employed but who lived to stand before kings and died to leave a name which the world will never forget! Lift up your heads and your hearts with them and learn a lesson of confidence and courage which shall never again suffer you to despair, not merely of securing the means of an honest and honorable support for yourselves, but even of doing something worthy of being done for your country and for mankind!

Behold him, ye that are highest and most honorable in the world's regard, judges and senators, governors and presidents, and emulate each other in copying something of the firmness and fidelity, something of the patient endurance and persevering zeal and comprehensive patriotism and imperturbable kind feeling of one who was never dizzied by elevation, or debauched by flattery, or soured by disappointment, or daunted by opposition, or corrupted by ambition, and who knew how to stand humbly and happily alike on the lowest round of obscurity and on the loftest pinnacle of fame!

Behold him and listen to him, one and all, citizens, freemen, patriots, friends of liberty and of law, lovers of the Constitution and the Union, as

he recalls the services which he gladly performed and the sacrifices which he generously made in company with his great associates, in procuring for you those glorious institutions which you are now so richly enjoying!

WEBSTER THE SUCCESSOR OF WASHINGTON.

JOHN A. BINGHAM.

DANIEL WEBSTER needs no monument of bronze, he needs no monument of marble: he will live in the service which he has rendered to his country and to our common humanity so long as the republic lives. In that is his monument. To found a great Commonwealth or to perpetuate a great Commonwealth is the greatest of man's achievements. Washington, first of Americans, foremost of men, who by his great example gave new ardor to virtue and new confidence to truth, was, aided by his compatriots, the founder of the Republic. Webster, the successor of Washington, aided by his compatriots, was pre-eminently the perpetuator of that Republic. His name is to be perpetuated by the continuation of the Republic and linked with it forever, for we trust that the Republic is for all time.

What is there in the services of Webster, what sort of work did he do, that thus identifies him with the perpetuity of these institutions? Here was this system of government unknown to Americans, a system the like of which was not read or heard of in all human story. Fabricated by those

mighty men of old who looked upon it as an ideality, a government of centralized power and decentralized administration, to govern and to control and to perpetuate a nationality made up of thirteen original States and of as many more as might be created hereafter. It was a great experiment and without the support, without the co-operative power, without the enlightened opinion, of the nation, it was impossible that it should stand.

Washington having finished the work, standing upon the narrow neck of the isthmus which separates two eras of history, speaking to the millions who were to come after, said in his Farewell Address given for their instruction, for their advisement, and for their protection, that in proportion as the strength and construction of government depended upon public opinion, it is essential that public opinion be enlightened. Above all things it was essential that the American people should understand this complex system of human government, the like of which the world has never seen.

The great experiment of free representative government was then untried. The information that must be communicated to the people had not yet reached them. Designing men, men ambitious for their own advancement, men careless of the prosperity of their own country, men careless of the welfare of the human race, soon after Washington slept with his fathers, began the work of disorganization, of separation, by filling the public mind with the belief that the several States of the Union were separate and independent sovereignties; that the nation was, in fact, not a nation, it was only a confederacy, it was a mere agency; that the Constitution itself was but a compact and a league.

Of the dangers, of the peril, of the absolute destruction, that underlay the very foundations of the Republic, if any such theory as this were to obtain at all, the people were never advised till Daniel Webster arose in his place in the Senate, and gave utterance to thoughts that will live as long as our language lives, thoughts that tell like prophetic words on the millions of mankind, thoughts that went into every habitation and into every mind in the whole land informing them that the Constitution was founded in reality; that it was not a compact or a league; that this was a nation, not a confederacy, and affirming that we are one people with one country and one Constitution. Having done this, with the prescience of a seer he saw in the coming future that unless the people were aroused to the right understanding of this matter all was lost, and he uttered these words, — "I shall exert the utmost of my faculties in maintaining the proposition that this is one government and one people and one nationality under this great fabric."

Webster was in his work the perpetuator of the Republic and the necessary successor of Washington, its founder. He will live in the service he has rendered to his country and to our common humanity so long as the Republic shall endure.

WEBSTER AS AN ORATOR AND STATESMAN.

SAMUEL C. BARTLETT.

A GENERATION has passed since Daniel Webster's death. Political and personal animosities have passed to the tomb. The smoke and dust of conflict have cleared away. And as we look back upon

the scene of half a century ago, brilliant with great names at the Bar, on the Bench, in the Cabinet and the Forum, and as we gaze on those struggles and often battles of the giants, there stands out on that arena no figure more colossal than Daniel Webster. The place he holds in the annals of that time is no longer a question for argument, it is a verdict of history.

When we pass in review all the qualities of his oratory, his fulness, depth, and clearness, his readiness and adaptation, his iron logic and his splendid rhetoric, his lofty imagination, his converging thought and his plastic style, his grand presence and his magnetic impression, when we consider the wide range of his efforts, and the effects immediate and lasting which he produced, I am almost ready to ask whether, when estimated in a grand total, the annals of oratory certainly furnish a greater name than Webster.

Of not less solid growth was Webster's fame as statesman and diplomatist. His views of the national polity were early matured; and with minor modifications to which a wise and expanding mind must ever hold itself open, he maintained them consistently to the end. It was inevitable that he should stand allied to one of the two great political organizations which from the nature of government and the two broad divergent theories as to its functions, whether fostering or merely permissive, will always exist in a republic. It would be but fair to judge him from that standpoint in public affairs which he deliberately chose. But happily the time has come when we can rise to a plane above the line of party divisions, and test him by his adhesion to the Constitution, the laws and entire welfare of his country, and to the sound and

righteous principles on which that government was founded.

He believed — as we all believe — that whatever may have been its theoretical or practical human defects, the world has seen no such government as ours, and were it once broken in pieces no such government would take its place, and that with its downfall the great hopes of the world would be clouded over. To the watchful guardianship of the vast and precious interests thus garnered up in this Federal Government, he gave in the House, the Senate and the Cabinet, thirty-three years of assiduous, self-sacrificing toil and a patriotism hampered by no sectional or party ties but as broad as the nation's boundaries and as high as her destinies.

Some of his services were conspicuous enough to arrest the eyes of the nation and of the world. When in his reply to Hayne he strangled the doctrine of nullification, it is the testimony of Bayard and Winthrop that he deferred the bloody conflict thirty years. And when the conflict came, the long echoes of that speech were the reverberating call that summoned and cheered the friends of the Union to the rescue; its solid principles, the impregnable rock on which a million soldiers stood and fought and won.

Such, imperfectly sketched, was Webster, the orator, the statesman, the diplomatist. But more than all, and the basis of all, was the grandeur and fulness of the man, in his intellect, his sympathies, his affections. He had faults and they have been exaggerated. I am here neither to arraign nor defend them. His make was large. The living recollections of his majestic presence will soon have passed away. But so long as English literature shall last, the works that he did will stand embalmed in the works that he left.

Time is vindicating his contemporary fame. And when the distant historian shall pass in review the illustrious men of the nation, between Washington and Lincoln what figure among them all will loom up so clear and grand upon the vision of posterity? He was one whom the Presidency of these United States could hardly have honored but who could have honored the presidency. It is as well that he did not. No title is so great as the name Daniel Webster.

THE WEBSTER STATUE AT CONCORD, N.H.

GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

With one common spirit Massachusetts and New Hampshire unite to hail with exultant pride and unquestioning enthusiasm the accomplishment of a work that shall perpetuate in enduring bronze the name and the form and the fame of Daniel Webster. To the place of his nativity and to the home of his later years, his career of honor and power is a rich heritage and brings grand inspiration for the highest and greatest that the human mind can master. But no two States could confine the greatness of his power when in his activity and vigor of life, and no more now can the same two States hold in exclusive title his distinctive renown wrought in his public life and work as the grand Union which was the fond ideal of his dearest hopes, as the nationality which inspired him to his noblest efforts. His name and his fame are in the keeping of all the people of the land and command the admiration of the civilized world.

Here he raised his eyes again to his native hills;

here he breathed again the fresh air of heaven amid scenes endeared to him by the associations of his young days and hallowed by the tender affections of home and kindred; here he turned in contemplation of the humble beginning of his illustrious, forceful life; here he renewed in memory the conflicts that were crowned with his earlier triumphs and developed in him that intellectual strength and clearness that made him the irresistible champion in the arena of debate. Eminently fitting it is, that in this memorable place, in Concord, the capital city of his native State, here before the Halls of Assembly, where free people meet to enact their will into just and salutary laws that develop and perpetuate their liberties, this memorial shall stand for all coming time to tell of his devotion to the Constitution of the fathers.

The traveller in all the years to come, the youth of the generations in the centuries of the future, will pause here in contemplation and with uncovered heads will pay the abundant tribute of respect to a grand hero in life whose heart thrilled with pride when he declared,—"I was born an American, I live an American, and I shall die an American."

But a far grander monument, not reared with human hands, stands to testify of his public work and services. It rests on every inch of soil in this great republic of the United States of America. It is the shrine of Union and Liberty consecrated by the fathers, sustained and defended by his abilities and power and sanctified anew in the heroism and blood of the sons who perilled all, that liberty should survive and the Union endure.

When the great light was ebbing out, when death entered the shades at Marshfield, the glazing eye turned upon States discordant but not then belliger-

ent. It looked upon a land not then drenched with fraternal blood but upon a land over which the subdued and baffled spirit of nullification was threatening to reappear in the accursed demon form of secession and disunion. The great spirit passed on forever to the vale beyond and the mortal eye closed at last upon earthly scenes. The hush of death was followed by the clangor of battle. War came, long, terrible, costly and bloody. But the bow of peace appeared not again resplendent in the heavens until the sovereignty of the National Government was everywhere acknowledged and liberty and union became in very fact one and inseparable in America forever.

THE STATUE OF WEBSTER.

MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

I DO not propose to dwell on the special relations of Daniel Webster to Dartmouth College, but in the general relations of debt and credit between the college and the people of the State Daniel Webster was included. Born remote from the centres of civilization and culture and without the means of access to them, there was danger and in his case from temperament special danger, lest he would grow up in obscurity and add one more to the large number of richly endowed but imperfectly educated men of which New Hampshire was full, who gave to the wilderness powers which might have made them conspicuous on any theatre of action.

More than most men of anything like his intel-

lectual force Daniel Webster needed the stimulus of education and the prospect of a career. This needed help was just what the college gave. She opened the mine, she laid bare the ore, abundant, massive, pure, and set it free, as currency bearing the royal stamp of genius, to enrich the wisdom of the people and the English speech of the world. This was his chief debt to the college. Apart from Webster's natural endowments no one was more "heinously unprovided," as he said, with education or pecuniary means "to break into college." Luckily it was not far to seek, otherwise he might never have found it. He sought it and entered. But there came a time when all this was changed, an hour when the need of the college was sore and pressing and his help was seasonable and adequate. He repaid the unforgotten debt of his youth, when for the college he secured immortality and laid the foundations of his own.

Daniel Webster was a son of New Hampshire and he was the foremost man of his country. Of all the great Americans of this century he was the most genuinely and thoroughly American; of all, most undoubtedly a product of our soil, climate, institutions and modes of life. He owed much to the State of his birth but he owed nothing to any other State. He owed much to his New Hampshire ancestors, to them he was indebted for his rich inheritance. When he left his native State he was a complete man. He gained little or nothing that was essential by association with communities more cultured than those he left behind him.

Thus he was born, so was he reared and such he remained — a true and loyal son of New Hampshire. She claims him as her own with all his great qualities. She claims him with all his faults.

He had faults but she forgave them in that hour when he defended the Constitution. She forgot them, forgot them all and forever, when she beheld the Union made one and inseparable by the inspiration of his prevailing eloquence. Her son, this complete man, bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, she gave to the country. Few States ever had such a son to offer. Fortunate the country which receives such a gift. Costly as it was, it was given without reserve and for all the ages. New Hampshire neither is able nor desires to recall it. She cannot reclaim his wisdom embedded in the Constitution. She would not unloose the golden cord of patriotism with which he bound the States in perpetual union.

Many years have passed since Daniel Webster in the prime of his manhood and in the fulness of his great powers went forth from New Hampshire to the service of his country. What those services were is known of all men. To-day he returns, once more his foot is on his native soil in sight of the majestic mountains he loved so well. To-day we have erected a statue of Daniel Webster — of Daniel Webster dead. Webster dead! Who closed the eyes of that great intelligence? Who saw the train go forth bearing the majestic soul to his tomb? Who wrapped in cerements and closed the marble doors on those thoughts that breathed and those words that burned?

The discourses at Plymouth and at Bunker Hill were not for an hour, nor was the Great Reply. In the days of their utterance they were resplendent, unprecedented eloquence, but they spake truest when they became wisdom to Lincoln, and valor to Grant; they rang loudest when heard along the front of battle and inspired deeds of immortal

heroism on a hundred fields. No, the statue is not to the dead orator but to the living, who speaks to us and will speak to those who come after us, as he spake to those his associates, the men who

> "followed him and honored him,
> Lived in his mild, magnificent eye,
> Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
> Made him their pattern to live and to die."

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OLD as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as the death of Lincoln. But that first despair was brief, the man was not to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men, and his work has not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph which even tears for his death could not keep down.

The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quiet, native, original man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois, — on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly and yet by happily prepared steps he came to his place!

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. He offered no shining qualities at first encounter, he did not offend by superiority; he had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will; he was a man without vices; he had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself, in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then it turned out that he was a great worker and with a prodigious faculty of performance worked easily.

Then he had a vast good-nature which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner, affable and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him as President would have brought to any one else. And how this good-nature became a noble humanity in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, — "Massa Linkum am eberywhere!"

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public confidence. What an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! There was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In the four years of battle days, his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood, an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch.

He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thoughts of their minds articulating by his tongue.

He had seen the practical abolition of slavery; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms; had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England, and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune. And what if it should turn out that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that what remained to be done required a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than by his life? Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. Easy good nature has been the dangerous foible of the republic; and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

A GREAT AND NOBLE MAN.

WILLIAM F. VILAS.

Ulysses S. Grant was a man of destiny. Raised to supreme command, he seized the whole vast enginery of war and in harmonious co-operation the mighty forces responded to his will. Unpretentious but heroic in daring and in fortitude.

skilfully intelligent in military learning and gifted with intuitive genius to perceive conditions and create new forms, with that inner light that truly forecasts issues, his iron resolution never failing in calm serenity and confidence, — he was a true soldier of liberty.

Beyond his soldiership he was a great and noble man. He met on equal terms half the royalty of earth; he heard the plaudits of the world; he suffered the "extreme extremity" of contumely and false report and never lost his self-control or broke his silence; he never failed in friendship, though he experienced the cruellest betrayal of his trust. No profane word or impure tale ever passed his lips; to him was the promise of the great sermon, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Wrapped in the sweetest love of family, his heart was big with love for his fellow-men. He knew the spirit of the cause he led and the necessities of the victory he had won. Sad pity moved him, not exultation, in that hour when final triumph gave finish to his martial crown. He thought not of himself, the assured idol of undying renown but of those who bore the agony of defeat. He forbade the guns of victory to sound humiliation to their ears; and kindly counselling their future he left their private goods to the soldiers of the ruined army and encouraged them to restore their homes.

Recognizing with joy the fruition of his hope in the new era opening to his country, even in the rack of torture, he spoke the supremest glory of his work in those memorable words, — "I have witnessed since my sickness just what I have wished to see ever since the war, — harmony and good feeling between the sections."

Visited with excruciating pain, mental and physical, his suffering and his patience wrung the tears of his countrymen. Even then was not Heaven with him for his greater glory? His majestic heroism brought light into the eyes of all men and the grandeur of his character was exalted far above the clouds of calumny and misfortune. Bravely struggling with coming death and wrung with anguish he uttered no cry or moan; but toiling to finish his life-work in the narrative of his deeds he gave it as a tribute to the honor of the soldiers and sailors on both sides of the war and thanked God for the lingering hours of torture which had enabled him to see the happy harmony between those engaged but a few years ago in deadly conflict.

And grandly did he triumph over death. The proudest trophies that ever graced a conqueror's train were as nothing to the radiant glory which shone upon his triumphal march to take possession of his promised land of rest. There indeed were they who had yielded to his puissant arms, the noblest of captives; but no chains were there save the bonds of love and honor, self-imposed. In the mighty throng of his lamenting countrymen, the differing marks of former days were lost in universal homage; and the love of Christ which welcomed him spread its warm dominion through the hearts of men and spanned the continent with the rainbow of his eternal peace. The beautiful splendor fell softly o'er the hills and valleys of our country, where in scattered sunken graves repose the bones of heroic men. O noble dead, your sacrifice was not in vain! Safely rests the land you saved on the patriotic breasts of your countrymen. "With malice toward none, with charity for all,"

they shall fraternally pursue their grand career and in their hearts your hallowed memory shall be your country's treasure and stay forever.

ONE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

J. W. HAMILTON.

It can be repeated of Ulysses S. Grant, as it was once said of George Washington, — "The hero, the patriot, and the sage of America — the man on whom, in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed — lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people." The valorous deeds so marvellously done by General Grant, distinguish American battle-fields more than where "the mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea."

Athens had her fair generals, patriotic armies, learned law-givers, poets, philosophers, and sculptured gods and goddesses many, but what fortune or glory came to her people from her battles or victories? What enduring honors had Miltiades to compare with the circling chaplets which now descend and shall forever descend upon the name of him who sealed the Union of States "one and inseparable," and wrought a universal brotherhood for the "land of the free"? "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece," have no honors, then, for the heroes of Christian lands. The battles which our noblest chieftain fought could not have engaged the men of other lands, or the men of other times.

General Grant was the selected of Heaven to

dispense inalienable rights to man. Count Von Moltke is a great man; Prince Bismarck is a great man; Gladstone is a great man; but they have been called by their kingdoms to fight no battles for the inalienable rights of man. We have advanced more than a generation on their times and we require higher and more positive qualities. There must be a higher moral heroism in our great men, a test of moral qualities in the determination of great moral issues. There is in the very atmosphere in which we live, a vigorous current from the highest mountains, a nicety of moral distinctions required on all public questions and in all public men, to give a permanence to their place in our history. Great men cannot be evasive; they must not falter nor waver. It will not matter if the public interests are so nicely balanced that a forward movement may be followed by a re-action; great leaders must not follow the relapse. Moral convictions must seize the consciences of men and promote thereby a consistency of conduct and life.

It is not enough, then, that our great generals should be great soldiers, they must be great men; well-rounded, symmetrical men; men whose manhood must be unquestioned; men of moral character and moral power. They must be men of intense convictions and of such convictions as are up and abreast with the spirit of the age. All Europe has often been convulsed with revolution and with war, but for what cause? Scarcely had they a righteous cause. If not irritated merely to retaliate, they have had no occasion for strife which could not be reduced to the usual pretexts in any age for going to war, — money, territory, or a balance of power.

General Grant went forth at his country's call,

to save his country's life; and his sufferings and death are your atonement and mine. He was the great man that he was because of his conscious and complacent self-reliance; but the crowning virtue of the great soldier, as the significant evidence of his great moral heroism, was the magnanimity with which he treated the armies he defeated.

He was a representative American soldier. He was always the common soldier. He never rose above this dignity as his honors were thrust upon him. His promotions all came without his knowledge. He came from what Abraham Lincoln chose to call "the plain people." And he returned to his home as he had left it, — one of the common people. Was this not dignity enough? This gave him a fellowship with all men. Other men have had the qualities of the few; he had the qualities of the many. His greatness ran wide as well as high. Given the freedom of the most exclusive circles of the nobility, he never lifted the roots of his manhood out of the wide multitudes about him. Was there ever a more simple-hearted man than plain Ulysses S. Grant? No phase of his character was ever put on. Ingenuous as a child, he has gone to his grave with every wrong forgiven and forgotten, as if it had never been done. I see him now gone up to be with Washington, clasp glad hands with Lincoln, and walking amid the ascended armies come from the good of all ages, who forever sing the glorious song, "Let us have peace."

A GREAT MAN.

JOHN D. LONG.

A GREAT man! ay, the greatest man, with Washington and Lincoln, whose name is enrolled on our national scroll. There is a greatness which is independent of circumstances, a greatness of pure intellect. In this respect Grant falls short of the mental giantcy of Webster, of the inexhaustible genius of Hamilton, of the unbounded national capaciousness of Franklin. But there is a greatness which is measured by the stamp and impression it makes on an age. In that respect three men stand out in the history of our republic. It is no use to argue or measure or balance or define, for their names are stamped on the hearts of the people as if engraved on stone, or eternally written by the imperishable stars on the face of heaven, — and they are Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. Time may pass, centuries may come and go till the events of this our age shall have melted into a dead level of perspective, but still, above its horizon, and falling across whatever distance may intervene, will tower the figures of the Father of his Country, of the great Emancipator, and the Silent Soldier, who never led except to victory.

Ah! if then the science of the future should make some mighty lens, the eye looking through it will see in that soldier's face not war but peace; not the exultation of victory over a foe, but the glory of the patriot who reunites his severed country; not the pride of the warrior, but the modesty of the citizen; not the greed of a conquering tyrant, but the magnanimity of a great soul; not a

Napoleon erecting an unsteady throne on waves of blood, but Grant, restoring to his fellow-citizens the sword with which he had won their cause.

And it is as the soldier, whatever other offices he may have worthily filled, it is as the soldier, the one great American soldier, that Grant will always stand on the pages of history. It is in this regard that his fame is most resplendent. And it will fear no scrutiny. The more you study him in this respect, the more you admire him. He rounds out the fullest measure of the soldier. Not merely the soldier who leads the charge with fearless courage, but the soldier who conceives and executes great campaigns, who leads and directs combined or scattered armies of hundreds of thousands of men, who provides for their equipment, the provision of their supplies and their movements; who alike in council and on sudden exigency is the cool, self-possessed genius of the scene, able to rely on himself against even the arguments of his counsellors, rising to that height of mastery which comprehends, with sublime confidence, the sovereignty of battle, and when he strikes, crushing his foe, not more by the blow of his attack than by the resistless concentration of the forces his foresight had long before put in motion for the time of crisis.

Grant's death, and the unanimous harmony of tribute evoked by it, from every part of the republic, South as well as North, marked the point where every lasting trace of the old animosity faded, and the full glory of the new and lasting unity goes tiding out into the boundless ocean of the National Union of the future. A new star is thus added to his crown. With his sword he cut down treason and rebellion, and saved the Union.

With his death he sealed its restored and harmonious nationality. His gentle heart, which so loved his country and his friends, and wherein no rancorous or ungenerous thought ever harbored, is still. His lips, so reticent when the louder speech of action was needed, and so apt and free, when the hour of converse came, are forever silent. That comprehensive, forceful mind, to which the most stupendous war-fields and army movements of the world were as a chess-board to its master, is at rest. But the effluence of that heart, the utterance of those lips, the work of that mind, are blood and sinew on the very life of his country, are among the very forces of its progress and destiny. What can God give to any man more than to have so served his country and his age! What can God give to us more than such an example of service!

OUR HAPPY WARRIOR.

H. PRICE COLLIER.

NAPOLEON, Wellington, Von Moltke,—it is with such names as these the name of General Grant belongs. Nor is it unfitting that we should remember here and now that "the plain citizen" of the Republic of the United States will rank hereafter among the few in the Republic of Fame. For there comes a time, even in a Republic, when it is well to remember that all men are not equal in capacity, in opportunity, or in duty nobly done.

But why say more than this? Why try to turn phrases which shall only discover again what is old? No new words can quicken the impression

made by General Grant's life and death. Let who will speak, and this man is still beyond his words. His is the career of a poor boy of rough Scotch parentage, of few advantages, who, as a man, was silent, reserved, with none of the glitter of brilliancy and none of the fire of ambition. His simplicity of behavior and directness of expression imposed upon the various officers both above and below him. They thought him a good, plain man who had blundered into one or two successes. Many of the soldiers who afterwards learned to love him spoke of him as a man of great good luck. But there is one letter wanting to spell Grant's luck, for it was fearless, dogged pluck.

There is more credit due the man, who, though misunderstood, succeeds; who, though maligned, is beyond the reach of malice; who fights not only his enemies, but slander also, and triumphs over both. Such a man was General Grant. The more we of another generation hear of him, the more we are drawn toward him. His death has been a revelation to us. We have heard him called a drunkard. We have listened to accusations of nepotism and greedy ambition. Men left the party which proposed making him President for a second term, because, they said, "he was a red-handed soldier, and would plunge the country into war on the slightest provocation;" and yet it was his administration which initiated and carried through the treaty with Great Britain by which she paid us fifteen million dollars, and that in peace. Yes, his death has given him to this generation again as a hero, and I am not sure that I may not say also a great statesman. We know now that his silence was golden, that his obstinacy was pluck, that his magnanimity was without taint of selfishness.

Whether his duty was to save the Union, or to save his family from financial ruin; whether it was driving home the wood on his brother's farm, or leading an army on, — there seems to have been the same glad satisfaction in doing it. It was through the ignoring of all class distinctions and inability to discriminate between the feast of an emperor and the bread and butter of a farmer, so long as both were honest men, that made him, not first of all a great general, nor a devoted patriot, but an ideal American citizen. Woolsey aimed at the Papacy, and mere ambition failed him. Napoleon aimed at a European despotism, and mere ambition failed him. Grant aimed at dutiful service, and ambition went to sleep, and honorable fame took its place.

Eulogize this man! Speak well of him! Who can help it? His faults seem specks. Even the South forgets her conqueror in her friend, and the court-house at Appomattox is draped in mourning, and his first opponent in his first great victory is one of his pall-bearers. These things speak with more telling force than any words of mine. There are some men who are more than the sum-total of all the facts about them. History is too pedantic, too tame, to recite the story of their lives.

But there is a poetical history, — we call it legend, — which alone can do poetic justice to such men. As a hero is a man transfigured, just so must a hero's story be told by history transfigured. And such history is legend. It is not exaggeration, it is not fulsome praise, it is only that our expressions seem cold, our appreciation lacking in warmth. We feel the need of fire beneath our pile of sticks. And it is our duty to make this life of Grant an American legend. A brave story

of duty; a tale of many triumphs, of tender devotion to wife and children; a solicitous love for freedom and the Union. Such legends of their ancestors fired the souls of the Norsemen, kindled anew the flame of patriotism in Greece, and won the battles of Crecy and Poictiers. We are making a history. It is worthless unless we combine it with legend, unless to our children we shall tell the story of our happy warrior.

GARFIELD'S EARLY LIFE.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

JAMES A. GARFIELD'S father dying before the boy was two years old, Garfield's early life was one of privation, but its poverty has been made indelicately and unjustly prominent. Thousands have imagined him as the ragged, starving child, whose reality too often greets the eye in the squalid sections of our large cities. Garfield's infancy and youth had none of this destitution, none of these pitiful features appealing to the tender heart and to the open hand of charity. He was a poor boy in the same sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Daniel Webster was a poor boy; in the sense in which a large majority of the eminent men of America in all generations have been poor boys.

Before a great multitude in a public speech Webster bore this testimony,—"It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period

so early that when the smoke rose first from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations that have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode."

With the requisite change of scene the same words would aptly portray the early days of Garfield. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle, and where a common sympathy and hearty co-operation lighten the burdens of each, is a very different poverty, different in kind, different in influence and effect, from that conscious and humiliating indigence which is every day forced to contrast itself with neighboring wealth on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence.

The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West, where a house-raising or even a corn-husking is matter of common interest and helpfulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence. This honorable independence marked the youth of Garfield, as it marks the youth of millions of the best blood and brain now training for future citizenship and future government of the Republic.

Garfield was born heir to land, to the title of

freeholder, which has been the patent and passport of self-respect with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since Hengist and Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal — an alternative between that and the deck of a Lake Erie schooner — was a farmer boy's device for earning money, just as the New England lad begins a possibly great career by sailing before the mast on a coasting-vessel, or on a merchantman bound to the farther India, or to the China seas.

No manly man feels anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles to his progress. But no one of noble mould desires to be looked upon as having occupied a menial position, as having been repressed by a feeling of inferiority, or as having suffered the evils of poverty until relief was found at the hand of charity. Garfield's youth presented no hardships which family love and family energy did not overcome, subjected him to no privations which he did not cheerfully accept, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight and transmitted with profit and with pride.

THE GARFIELD STATUE.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

In performance of the duty assigned to me on this occasion, I hereby accept, on behalf of the people of the United States, this complete and beautiful statue. Amid the interchange of fraternal greetings between the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland and their former foes upon the

battle-field, and while the Union general and the people's President awaited burial, the common grief of these magnanimous survivors and mourning citizens found expression in the determination to erect this tribute to American greatness. And thus to-day, in its symmetry and beauty, it presents a sign of animosities forgotten, an emblem of a brotherhood redeemed and a nation restored.

Monuments and statues multiply throughout the land, fittingly illustrative of the love and affection of our grateful people, and commemorating brave and patriotic sacrifices in war, fame in peaceful pursuits, or honor in public station. But from this day forth there shall stand at our seat of government this statue of a distinguished citizen, who, in his life and services, combined all these things and more, which challenge admiration in American character, loving-tenderness in every domestic relation.

Bravery on the field of battle, fame and distinction in our halls of legislation, and the highest honor and dignity in the chief magistracy of the nation, this stately effigy shall not fail to teach every beholder that the source of American greatness is confined to no condition, nor dependent alone for its growth and development upon favorable surroundings. The genius of our national life beckons to usefulness and honor those in every sphere, and offers the highest preferment to manly ambition and study, and honest effort chastened and consecrated by patriotic hopes and aspirations. As long as this statue stands, let it be proudly remembered that to every American citizen the way is open to fame and station, until he, —

> "Moving up from high to higher,
> Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire."

Nor can we forget that it also teaches our people a sad and distressing lesson, and the thoughtful citizen who views its fair proportions cannot fail to recall the tragedy of a death which brought grief and mourning to every household in the land. But while American citizenship stands aghast and affrighted that murder and assassination should lurk in the midst of a free people and strike down the head of their government, a fearless search and the discovery of the origin and hiding-place of these hateful and unnatural things should be followed by a solemn resolve to purge forever from our political methods and from the operation of our government the perversions and misconceptions which give birth to passionate and bloody thoughts.

If from this hour our admiration for the bravery and nobility of American manhood and our faith in the possibilities and opportunities of American citizenship be renewed, if our appreciation of the blessing of a restored Union and love for our government be strengthened, and if our watchfulness against the dangers of a mad chase after partisan spoils be quickened, the dedication of this statue to the people of the United States will not be in vain.

THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

JACOB D. COX.

THE massive structure which crowns this hill meets the eye of the wayfarer as he comes to fair Cleveland from Hiram, the place of Garfield's home and activities as youth and man, where he labored

as a teacher of the young, himself little more than a boy, and from whence he was called to that public life which made him the property of the nation. From this tower, as from a watch-tower, one may almost look into the rural quiet of Chagrin Falls, where his childhood was spent, and into Mentor, the home he loved to think would be his in the peaceful decline of life, when the struggle and turmoil might be looked back upon as from a snug harbor, his work well done, his fame solidly established, and the good will of all his countrymen a sure possession.

It is well that this memorial should be built here in the capital city of the "Western Reserve," on the eastern side where the branching roads lead to all the counties of the old district he served for nearly twenty years. Himself a type of the Western Reserve boy, his marble effigy under this dome is a sort of apotheosis of Western Reserve manhood. It is the emblem of the heroic qualities developed out of the New England character in the pioneer life of the West. It typifies the courage of man and of woman which planted new homes where savages still roamed, the physical vigor of body and limb which felled the forest and subdued it to the plough, the tireless industry and thrift which would be content with nothing short of the highest civilization and the broadest enlightenment, the soaring purpose and unfaltering will which made it possible for every farmer's boy to aim at the highest flights in literature, in science, and in statesmanship.

Standing in the presence of the Garfield statue, many a young soul, conscious of kinship in self-dependence, in longing for cultivation and for a noble career, may form aspirations and purposes as

noble as this sculptured form and as pure as the marble in which it is chiselled. It will be the rightful privilege of such an one to idealize the character which serves as his model and stimulates his best ambitions.

Men of all parties have united to build this memorial and to place this statue upon its pedestal to commemorate the virtues and the services of Garfield. Antagonisms are here forgotten. Cynical carping has no place here. The good, the great, the strong, the wise, the patriotic, were all so abundant in him, that out of them the young of coming generations may construct an ideal on which to mould themselves. The weaknesses, the limitations, the imperfections incident to human nature, and which every man must humbly acknowledge his share in, may be here dropped from view, and the model to be imitated made up of those noble and generous qualities which were so marked in the man we honor to-day.

This memorial is a permanent decoration of the tomb where lies the body of a soldier and a patriot whose services to his country were so great and so brilliant that the dignity of this structure and the durability of this monument only give fitting expression to the solidity of the trust, the honor, and the regard with which the American people cherish the memory of such as he. May it be to us and to our children the continuing lesson in patriotic endeavor which it was designed to be! and may many generations, as they look upon it, find it stimulating them to that nobler manhood which shall develop our free institutions into all that they ought to be!

EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

It is a private citizen whom we commemorate, yet a great public leader; a man always foremost in political controversy, but who held no office and belonged to no political party; who swayed votes, but who seldom voted, and never for a mere party purpose; and who for the larger part of his active life, spurned the Constitution as a bond of iniquity, and the Union as a yoke of oppression. Yet we who are here revere the Constitution and maintain the Union: we hold the ballot to be the most sacred trust, and voting to be the highest duty of the citizen.

As we recall the story of that life, this spectacle is one of the most significant in our history. This memorial rite is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction; it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration, that a life of transcendent purity of purpose blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a patriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contemplating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine.

It is not Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the Constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and

Lexington, Samuel Adams, the father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere. No man can take a pre-eminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussions of great national policies of foreign relations, of domestic economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if moral integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, — conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and firmly fixed upon character and actual achievement, good fame rests secure.

Years ago how unsparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, his ambition, for his exasperating impracticability; he, the Colossus of the Revolution! And Thomas Jefferson — I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Cœur de Lion, — that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil-incarnate of Virginia. But when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest of American patriots, — and their fellow-citizens of every party bowed their heads and said amen.

I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always pproved by the event. He would have scorned

such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no American life — no, not one! — offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived, severely plain because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book and picture and every fair device of art; the house to which the north star led the trembling fugitive, and which the unfortunate and the friendless knew; the radiant figure passing through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty beyond that of kings; the ceaseless charity untold; the strong, sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named; the eloquence, which like the song of Orpheus will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale; that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall; the surrender of ambition; the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hidden with God in sympathy with man, — these, all these will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in Boston's heroic story.

But as years go by and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide Republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if with perfect

faith and hope assured, America would still stand and "bid the distant generations hail," the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

THE ORATORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE keynote to the oratory of Wendell Phillips lay in this, — that it was essentially conversational, the conversational raised to its highest power. Perhaps no orator ever spoke with so little apparent effort, or began so entirely on the plane of his average hearers. It was as if he simply repeated in a little louder tone what he had just been saying to some familiar friend at his elbow. The effect was absolutely disarming. Those accustomed to spread-eagle eloquence felt perhaps a slight sense of disappointment. Could this quiet, easy, effortless man be Wendell Phillips? But he held them by his very quietness; it did not seem to have occurred to him to doubt his power to hold them.

The poise of his manly figure, the easy grace of his attitude, the thrilling modulation of his perfectly trained voice, the dignity of his gesture, the keen penetration of his eye, all aided to keep his hearers in hand. The colloquialism was never relaxed, but it was familiarity without loss of keeping. When he said "isn't" and "wasn't," or even like an Englishman dropped his g's and said

"bein'" and "doin'," it did not seem inelegant; he might almost have been ungrammatical and it would not have impaired the fine air of the man.

Then, as the argument went on, the voice grew deeper, the action more animated, and the sentences would come in a long, sonorous swell, still easy and graceful, but powerful as the soft stretching of a tiger's paw. He could be terse as Carlyle, or his periods could be as prolonged and cumulative as those of Choate or Evarts; no matter; they carried in either case the same charm. He was surpassed by Garrison in grave moral logic; by Parker in the grasp of facts and in merciless sarcasm; by Sumner in copiousness of illustration; by Douglass in humor and in pathos; but, after all, in the perfect moulding of the orator, he surpassed not merely each of these, but all of them combined.

What the Revolutionary orators would now seem to us, we cannot tell; but it is pretty certain, that, of all our post-Revolutionary speakers save Webster only, Wendell Phillips stood at the head; while he and Webster represented types of oratory so essentially different that any comparison between them is like trying to compare an oak-tree and a pine.

With all his faults, his inconsistencies, his impetuous words and his unreasoning prejudices, Wendell Phillips belonged to the heroic type. Whether we regard him mainly as an orator or as a participant in important events, it is certain that no history of the United States will ever be likely to omit him. It is rarely that any great moral agitation bequeaths to posterity more than two or three names; the English slave-trade abolition has left only Clarkson and Wilberforce in memory; the

great corn-law contest only Cobden and Bright. The American anti-slavery movement will probably embalm the names of Garrison, Phillips, and John Brown. This is for the future to decide. Meanwhile, it is certain that Wendell Phillips had that quality which Emerson thought the highest of all qualities, — of being "something that cannot be skipped or undermined." By his death, one great chapter in American history is closed.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AS AN ORATOR.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime when Wendell Phillips first spoke in Faneuil Hall. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Everett upon the academic platform. From all these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster and Everett and Clay there was always a great organized party or an intrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion. They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of political tradition, of established institutions.

Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig, nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method of the

orator announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and appealing against established order and tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause; and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy — a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it? how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory — that is the secret of genius and of eloquence.

What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors he glowed with con-

centrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

> "Pure and eloquent blood
> Spoke in his cheek and so distinctly wrought
> That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of Liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

There was another power in his speech sharper than in the speech of any other American orator — an unsparing invective. The abolition appeal was essentially iconoclastic, and the method of a reformer at close quarters with a mighty system of wrong cannot be measured by the standards of cool and polite debate. Phillips did not shrink from the sternest denunciation or ridicule or scorn of those who seemed to him recreant to freedom and humanity, however enshrined they might be in public admiration, with whatever official dignity invested, with whatever softer graces of accomplishment endowed. The idols of a purely conventional virtue he delighted to shatter, because no public enemy seemed to him more deadly than the American who made moral cowardice respectable.

Doubtless his friends who knew that well-spring of sweet waters, his heart, and who, like him, were sealed to the service of emancipation, sometimes grieved and recoiled amazed from his terrible arraignment. He knew the penalty of his course. He paid it cheerfully. But history will record

that the orator who, in that supreme exigency of liberty, pitilessly whipped by name the aiders and abetters of the crime against humanity, made such complicity in every intelligent community infinitely more arduous, and so served mankind, public virtue and the state. As Demosthenes was the orator of Greece against Philip, and Cicero of Rome against Catiline, and John Pym of England against the Stuart despotism, Wendell Phillips was distinctively the orator of the anti-slavery cause.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT FANEUIL HALL.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

One mild October afternoon Wendell Phillips, sitting in his law-office in Boston with windows open, heard unusual disturbance in the street. He went out, and suddenly, a stone's-throw from the scene of the Boston Massacre, he beheld American women insulted for befriending their innocent sisters whose children were sold from their arms. He saw an American citizen assailed by a furious mob, in the city of James Otis, for saying with James Otis that a man's right to liberty is inherent and inalienable. Himself a citizen soldier, he looked to see the majesty of the people maintaining the authority of the law; but to his own startled surprise, he saw that the rightful defenders of law against the mob were themselves the mob. The city, whose dauntless free speech had taught a country how to be independent, he saw raising a parricidal hand against its parent, — Liberty. It was enough. As the jail doors closed upon Garri-

son to save his life, Garrison and his cause had won their most powerful and renowned ally.

The scene of that day is an illustration of the time. As we look back upon it, it is incredible. But it was not until Lovejoy fell while defending his printing-press at Alton, Illinois, in November, 1837, that an American citizen was killed by a raging mob for declaring in a free State the right of innocent men and women to their personal liberty. The Alton riot had no redeeming impulse. It was the very frenzy of lawlessness, a sudden and ghastly glimpse of the unquenchable fires of passion that were burning under the seeming peace and prosperity of the Union. How fierce and far-reaching those passions were, was seen not only in the riot itself, but in the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting to denounce the appalling wrong to American liberty that had been done in Illinois, lest the patriotic protest of the meeting should be interpreted by the country as the voice of Boston. But the refusal was reconsidered, and never since the people of Boston thronged Faneuil Hall on the day after the massacre on State Street had that ancient hall seen a more solemn and significant assembly.

When the seemly protest against the monstrous crime had been spoken and the proper duty of the day was done, a voice was heard, the voice of the high officer solemnly sworn to prosecute, in the name of Massachusetts, every violation of law, declaring in Faneuil Hall, sixty years after the battle of Bunker Hill, and amid a howling storm of applause, that an American citizen who was put to death by a mad crowd of his fellow-citizens for defending his right of free speech, died as the fool dieth. Boston has seen dark days, but never a moment so dark as that.

As the malign strain proceeded, the Boston boy, Phillips, all on fire, with Concord and Lexington tugging at his heart, unconsciously murmured, "Such a speech in Faneuil Hall must be answered in Faneuil Hall." "Why not answer it yourself?" whispered a neighbor who overheard him. "Help me to the platform and I will;" and pushing and struggling through the dense and threatening crowd, the young man reached the platform, was lifted upon it, and, advancing to speak, was greeted with a roar of hostile cries. But riding the whirlwind undismayed, as for many a year afterwards he directed the same wild storm, he stood upon the platform in all the beauty and grace of imperial youth, — the Greeks would have said a god descended, — and in words that touched the mind and heart and conscience of that vast multitude as with fire from heaven, recalling Boston to herself, he saved his native city and her cradle of liberty from the damning disgrace of stoning the first martyr in the great struggle for personal freedom.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock and Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead." And even as he spoke the vision was fulfilled. Once more its native music rang through Faneuil Hall. In the orator's own burning words those pictured lips did break into rebuke. In Wendell Phillips, glowing with holy indignation at the insult to America and to man, John Adams and James Otis, Josiah Quincy and Samuel Adams, though dead, yet spake.

In the annals of American speech, there had been no such scene since Patrick Henry's electrical warning to George the Third. It was that greatest of oratorical triumphs when a supreme emotion, a sentiment which is to mould a people anew, lifted the orator to adequate expression. Three such scenes are illustrious in our history. That of the speech of Patrick Henry of Williamsburg, of Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, of Abraham Lincoln in Gettysburg, — three, and there is no fourth. They transmit, unextinguished, the torch of an eloquence which has aroused nations and changed the course of history, and which Webster called "noble, sublime, and godlike action."

THE MURDER OF LOVEJOY, AT ALTON, ILLINOIS. 1837.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We have met for the freest discussion of these resolutions, and the events which gave rise to them. I hope I shall be permitted to express my surprise at the sentiments of the last speaker; surprise not only at such sentiments from such a man, but at the applause they have received within these walls.

A comparison has been drawn between the events of the Revolution and the tragedy at Alton. We have heard it asserted here in Faneuil Hall, that Great Britain had a right to tax the colonies, and we have heard the mob at Alton, the drunken murderers of Lovejoy, compared to those patriot fathers who threw the tea overboard! Fellow-citizens, is this Faneuil Hall doctrine?

The mob at Alton were met to wrest from a citizen his just rights — met to resist the laws. We have been told that our fathers did the same; and the glorious mantle of Revolutionary precedent has been thrown over the mobs of our day. To make out our title to such defence, the gentleman says that the British Parliament had a right to tax these colonies. It is manifest that without this his parallel falls to the ground, for Lovejoy had stationed himself within constitutional bulwarks. He was not only defending the freedom of the press, but he was under his own roof, in arms with the sanction of the civil authority. The men who assailed him went against and over the laws. The mob, as the gentleman terms it — mob, forsooth! certainly we sons of the tea-spillers are a marvellously patient generation! — the "orderly mob" which assembled in the Old South to destroy the tea, were met to resist, not the laws, but illegal enactions.

Shame on the American who calls the tea tax and stamp act laws! Our fathers resisted, not the king's prerogative, but the king's usurpation. To find any other account, you must read our Revolutionary history upside down. To draw the conduct of our ancestors into a precedent for mobs, for a right to resist the laws we ourselves have enacted, is an insult to their memories. The difference between the excitements of those days and our own, which the gentleman in kindness to the latter has overlooked, is simply this, — the men of that day went for the right as secured by the laws; they were the people rising to sustain the laws and constitution of the province. The rioters of our own day go for their own wills, right or wrong.

Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers at Alton side by

side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips [*pointing to the portraits in the hall*] would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared to gainsay the principles of these resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up.

The gentleman says that Lovejoy was presumptuous and imprudent — he "died as the fool dieth." Presumptuous to assert the freedom of the press on American ground! Is the assertion of such freedom before the age? So much before the age as to leave one no right to make it because it displeases the community! Who invents this libel on his country? It is this very thing which entitles Lovejoy to greater praise. The disputed right which provoked the Revolution — taxation without representation — is far beneath that for which he died.

As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this hall when the king did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his lips. The question that stirred the Revolution, touched our civil interests. This concerns us not only as citizens but as immortal beings. Wrapped up in its fate, saved or lost with it, are not only the voice of the statesman, but the instructions of the pulpit, and the progress of our faith.

From the bottom of my heart I thank that brave

little band for resisting. We must remember that Lovejoy had fled from city to city, — suffered the destruction of three presses patiently. The people there, children of our older States, seem to have forgotten the blood-tried principles of their fathers the moment they lost sight of our New England hills. Something was to be done to show them the priceless value of the freedom of the press, to bring back and set right their wandering and confused ideas. Deaf to argument, haply they might be stunned into sobriety. Public opinion fast hastening on the downward course must be arrested.

Does not the event show that they judged rightly? Absorbed in a thousand trifles, how has the nation all at once come to a stand? Men begin, as in 1776 and 1640, to discuss principles, to weigh characters, to find out where they are. Haply we may awake before we are borne over the precipice. I am glad to see this crowded house. It is good for us to be here. When liberty is in danger, Faneuil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note for these United States.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

HENRY W. GRADY.

I THANK God as heartily as any one that human slavery has gone forever from American soil. But the freedman remains, and with him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil, with equal political and civil rights, almost

equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility, each pledged against fusion, one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war, the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt, — these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we of the South are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

Never has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. We do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric, that we cannot disengage it if we would, so bound up in our obligation to the world that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, he alone can know. But this the weakest and wisest of us do know, we cannot solve it with less than the tolerant and patient sympathy of you of the North; with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood; and that, when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us, and hear the beating of your approving hearts.

What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions in the South, send your sons that they may know how true are our hearts, and may help to swell the Caucasian current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic; for there is sec-

tionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section, and yet holds the other in suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts, that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union.

A mighty duty and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We are Americans, and we stand for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil, these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression — this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, and he will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until his full and perfect day has come.

Our history has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth and Jamestown all the way, — ay, even from the hour when from the voiceless and trackless ocean a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day, when the Old World will come to marvel and to learn amid our gathered treasures, let us resolve to crowd the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a republic, compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love,— loving from the lakes to the gulf, the wounds of war healed in every heart, — serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory, blazing out the path, and making the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time.

LOVE AND LOYALTY OF THE NEGRO.

HENRY W. GRADY.

THE love the people of the South feel for the negro race cannot be comprehended nor measured by the people of the North. As I attest it here the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there, looks down to bless; and through the tumult of this occasion steals the sweet music of her croonings as in years agone when she held me in her black arms and led me smiling in to sleep.

The scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and apprehensions, and in a big, homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands — now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man — as they lay a mother's blessing there; while at her knees — the truest altar I yet have found — I thank God that she is in her sanctuary safe because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin, or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle — a soldier, struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, — so wrestling mean-

time with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life.

I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of that life has closed, turn away and with downcast eye and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying, "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine!" And out into this new world — strange to me as it is to him, dazzling, bewildering — I follow. And may God forget my people when they forget these!

HENRY W. GRADY AS AN ORATOR.

J. W. LEE.

On three notable occasions and by three remarkable speeches, Henry W. Grady's power as an orator was best illustrated and his fame as an orator most firmly established. The first was upon the occasion of the New England dinner in New York, when he delivered the address on "The New South." To touch the body of gentlemen

composing that club is to touch American thought. To convince that company and win it, is to win a large place in America's heart.

The surroundings were complicated. Demonstrations in honor of Jefferson Davis had been credited to the remains of the spirit of the rebellion. How the South could honor its living heroes, and cover with flowers the grave of its sleeping dead, and yet be loyal to the flag and in sympathy with the Union, was not understood. The crossing of swords by editors of different sections had kept the air full of misrepresentations and misinterpretations.

To be called to speak of the South under such conditions was attended with grave peril. Mr. Grady recognized the delicacy of the position, and accepted the responsibility. He had lived long enough to form for himself a conception of the South. He understood her resources, the hearts and motives of her people. He had imbibed from her genial skies, and learned from her loving sons, and caught from her suffering and her trials, lessons which went to make the conception complete. It was such a conception as squared with the facts.

This conception he was not to chisel into cold, unfeeling marble, but he was to throw it out into Northern thought, and to make it live entire and complete in Northern hearts. His traditions, his instincts, his training, came to his help. His exquisite taste and boundless charity guided him. He embodied his conception in Northern sentiment, and left it to live and work in Northern convictions. It sensibly and perceptibly moved the sections nearer together. It removed much bitterness, and inaugurated a better day.

His next notable speech was in Atlanta. An awful curse, the liquor traffic, had been prohibited in Fulton County. Two years of prosperity and peace had come as the result. More coal was sold to warm the poor; more hats and bonnets were sold to gladden the wives and children of the workingman; more furniture was sold to make comfortable the homes; more children were in schools; more worshippers were in the church; fewer inmates in the poor-house; fewer criminals were in jail. There was more hope and happiness in the hearts of children, more safety in the streets. More of all that was real and good and useful was in Atlanta because of prohibition.

But love of gain led those whose business had been the destruction of love and the ruin of men, to call another election with the hope of again inaugurating the awful work. With all his might and enthusiasm he threw himself into the opposition. His friends were in both sides of the conflict; but he had a conception of a city redeemed and moving to wealth, without the blood-money of the weak. This conception he desired to see abide in the city of his love, a perpetual benediction. The conflict was raging, the parties were massed and strictly defined. Meetings and processions were held first by one and then by the other. On a certain night it was announced that Mr. Grady would speak for prohibition at the warehouse, a large building that had been secured for prohibition meetings. Six thousand people had assembled to hear him. Such a speech on prohibition, measured by the enthusiasm it awakened and the applause it called forth, has never been delivered on this earth before or since. He said just before he died, that his work in that campaign he desired to be known as what he regarded the best in his life.

His last great speech was in Boston. It was upon the occasion of a banquet given by the merchants of that city. He was asked to discuss the race problem. His former addresses had come to the attention of the Republic. He was the acknowledged leader of the South. What he said was insured a hearing, and what he wrote a reading. He was to speak on a subject less understood and more often treated than any in our social life. He was to speak in the home of Sumner and Phillips and under the shadow of Faneuil Hall. He was to be just to the South, fair to the colored race, and true to the facts from which conclusions so diverse had been drawn.

He had a conception of the colored race and a solution for the colored problem. It was not to be settled by law or by force, but by love. He was a true and tried friend to the colored people. He had been petted and nursed, when a child, by a colored mammy. He had been melted by their songs, and charmed by their folk-lore. All who knew his heart knew that he could not have been unjust to them. He uttered his message in Boston to the people of this country. They heard it and pondered it. They said, These are the words of an earnest, honest, manly man. They are spoken in love. We shall treasure them, and honor the man who uttered them. Those who differed from him did so in respect and good will. He left the scenes of his triumph, wrapped in the nation's applause, and went home to die, amid the tears and anguish of his people.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON (RESTORED 1882).

WILLIAM H. WHITMORE.

Our beloved Old State House is now restored, and we behold substantially the same halls which echoed the eloquence of Adams, Quincy, Otis, and Warren, and which witnessed the baffled intrigues of Hutchinson and Oliver, and the unsuccessful plans of Gage and Clinton, Howe and Burgoyne.

In the Old State House "the child Independence was born!" and what untold glories in the future that birth portended! The independence for which our fathers fought was freedom of thought and speech and action in every land and in every generation. The chain which they broke was not simply that of Great Britain over America, but the greater fetters of usurped authority over the bodies and minds of millions in other lands. To our success is to be attributed whatever liberty has been achieved for the suffering nations of Europe or for the long-enslaved victims of unwarrantable oppression in our own land.

In 1830, Harrison Gray Otis, then mayor of Boston, stood in the Old State House to speak of the structure; and, after the lapse of half a century, we assemble to renew the pious labors and repeat his fervent prayers for their success. The times are more propitious for us, since the present generation has been taught anew the necessity of perpetually cultivating those patriotic virtues which alone can animate a nation in times of adversity.

Twenty years have passed since the assembled citizens of Boston were again aroused from the

balcony of that chamber by the eloquence of those who uttered the cry, "To arms!" God grant that in our day that appeal may never again be made! but should the necessity arise, it must be made to a community which has been daily familiar with the lessons taught by the memories of the Old State House, as well as of the "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall.

Let us rejoice that we to-day can assert that among the results of that independence which was first proclaimed on that spot, has been the purging of the great Republic of the anomalous stain and reproach of domestic slavery. And surely if we have, at so great a cost of treasure and blood, expiated our national sin, we may turn with expectant gaze to our sister-nations for a similar sacrifice. The independence which we inculcate demands that wherever under any professed form of law the labor of the peasant profits only his master, that iniquity shall cease, whether it be in the familiar case of Ireland, or of Russia where the lurid torch of Nihilism reveals the misery of untold millions, or any place where the wretched serf looks eagerly to the land of promise on this side of the Atlantic.

So long as we maintain the sacred fires upon our altars we may claim the right to be especially favored by the Divinity. I cannot allow myself to dwell upon the possibility of any future surrender of those walls to any purpose less appropriate than their present use. I cannot anticipate any decrease in the prosperity or the public spirit of Boston. I can only predict that future generations for centuries to come will visit the Old State House and will remember thankfully those who have restored it.

THE OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON (REDEDICATED, 1882).

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

THE Old State House is to-day rededicated, and, after an occupation of many years for general business purposes, the halls are now to be used for the reception and preservation of historical objects of local interest. The formal dedication of a public building is a custom of comparatively modern times. The founders of New England were too busy to indulge in mere formalities; and even if they had the time, they were apt to look upon such observances as idle and frivolous. They regarded the various purposes to which a building was put as in themselves a sufficient dedication, and for this reason they avoided any special ceremony to emphasize its objects or its uses.

While it is true, then, that the structure was never formally dedicated, it is equally true that it was consecrated by all that was high and noble in patriotic service through the words that were spoken and the deeds that were inspired within its walls. The political town-meeting is an outgrowth of New England life, and it has been the very cradle of American liberty and independence. It originated with the first-comers, and has been kept up by their successors to the present time. The freemen of the several towns came together in public meeting to discuss and settle questions of general interest. They chose town officers, to whom was delegated the power to manage their civil as well as their ecclesiastical affairs.

It was at such gatherings that a free and full

recognition of popular rights was first made in this country, and the very foundation and corner-stone of our present political system laid. The best insight of the forces that developed local self-government is to be found in the action of such meetings. The causes that brought about the separation of the American colonies from the mother country were ripening during many years, but they were kept alive and active by these public assemblages. Boston was the largest and most influential town on the continent, and was always ready to take the lead in public affairs. When she spoke, her voice was heard with no doubtful sound, and she had all New England for an audience.

Boston's utterances were given from the Old State House, as well as from Faneuil Hall and the Old South Meeting-House. Those three structures are full of historical reminiscences and associations, and I envy not the man who can approach any one of them with ordinary feelings. Rude though they are in external form, they represent in their traditions the highest form of religion and patriotism as understood by the framers of our government. He lacks some of the human sensibilities whose heart is not thrilled and whose emotions are not quickened when he enters their portals.

Whatever may be the fate of other public buildings, let us cherish the hope that the Old State House may stand as a connecting link between the provincial and the national periods of our country's history, and that it may continually remind us of the unselfish devotion and hard struggles of the men who laid the foundations of our present government.

THE VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

EDWARD L. PIERCE.

THE national triumph in our civil war led to social and political changes of transcendent importance. It is not military transactions alone that concern the spectator who takes the view from Lookout Mountain to-day. The eye catches from that elevation glimpses of seven States, — Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, the two Carolinas, Virginia, and Kentucky, — a territory which, including Virginia as she was when undivided, comprehends 338,000 square miles more than the Kingdom of Great Britain and the Empire of Germany united. Their population in 1860 was seven millions and a half; and it is now, or soon will be, double that number.

Chattanooga was thirty years ago a quiet hamlet of two thousand people; it is now a city of fifty thousand or more inhabitants, ambitious for supremacy as the first city of the South-west. It is, by railways, stretching out its hand in every direction; it is a great centre of traffic; it has a various manufacturing industry; it is a storehouse of mineral products; it exhibits, instead of the dead stillness before the civil war, the life, the hope, the enterprise, of the most aspiring cities of the North-west. Its people are covering with homes the sides of the mountain where railways are running to the summit, and villages are rising where once contending armies met.

In these seven States seen from Lookout Mountain there were in 1860 more than 3,500,000 slaves;

now there is not a slave within their borders. Those who were bought and sold are now citizens, masters of their time, earners of wages, pupils in free schools, voters at the polls. Chattanooga has two schools for colored children, containing fifteen hundred children. The colored man votes as freely there, and his vote is counted as honestly, as with us. He is paid for his labor, and is more prosperous than the workingmen of a great portion of Europe. In considerable districts the conditions of the colored population are less favorable; but in view of the marvellous transformation which has taken place so generally in the South, I have faith that time and patience and education and enterprise will renovate the whole.

What one sees from Lookout Mountain typifies the South as it is, and is to be, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and one who stands there to meditate asks himself, What has done all this? What has made this new departure in history? What has given to civilization on this continent this new start, this new direction? The answer is at hand. The change did not come from a mere conflict of arms. War alone is a calamity, not a boon; it ravages and desolates. It spoils the husbandman, destroys capital, reduces population, deteriorates manly growth, and demoralizes peoples, conqueror and conquered alike; but a war with ideas and principles at stake may greatly develop and advance humanity, and such a war was ours.

Whatever interest may attach to marches and battles, it must ever be remembered that war is one of the saddest calamities of the human race, never justifiable except as a last resort in saving some great cause, in promoting some great idea. John Bright once said to me, "If ever a war were

just, it was your civil war." And what is it that distinguishes our civil war from the bloody conflicts which fill the pages of history? It was the cause of the Union, "an indestructible union of indestructible States."

Here was a country, vast indeed in extent, stretching from ocean to ocean, and through twenty-three parallels of latitude, divided at one time among several discoverers — England, France, and Spain; but, wide as it was, it was nevertheless stamped with physical unity, nowhere cut asunder by barriers not yielding readily to modern enterprise and skill, traversed by rivers whose source and mouth should be commanded by one nation, peopled for the most part by one race, believing the same religion, inheriting the same traditions, reared under republican forms, all sharing in the memories and glories of the American Revolution, and, as children of one father, revering the exalted name and character of Washington.

The Father of Waters must flow unvexed by their strifes to the sea. Above all, the experiment of self-government on this continent was to be a failure, "a lost cause," if the republic were once cut in twain, and the way opened to other divisions between East and West, ending no one could tell when or where. The cause of the Union was therefore not one of territory, of empire, of dominion; it was the cause of free government, of American hopes and destiny, of civilization.

ABOLITION OF AFRICAN SLAVERY.

A. G. HAYGOOD.

THERE is one great historic fact which in my sober judgment above all other things excites everywhere in the South profound gratitude to Almighty God. I mean the abolition of African slavery. If I speak only for myself — and I am persuaded that I do not — then be it so. But I for one thank God that there is no longer slavery in these United States! I am persuaded that I only say what the vast majority in the South feel and believe. For the great historic fact that slavery exists no more, I devoutly thank God. And on many accounts.

First, for the negroes themselves. While they have suffered and will suffer many things in their struggle for existence, I do nevertheless believe that in the long-run it is best for them. How soon they shall realize the possibilities of their new relations depends largely on themselves. Much depends on those who under God set them free. By every token this whole nation should undertake the problem of their education. That problem will have to be worked out on the basis of co-operation — that is, they must be helped to help themselves. To make their education an absolute gratuity will perpetuate many of the misconceptions and weaknesses of character which now embarrass and hinder their progress. Much also depends on the Southern white people, their sympathy, their justice, their wise and helpful co-operation. This we should give them, not reluctantly, but gladly for their good and for the safety of all, for their elevation and for the glory of God.

Secondly, I am grateful that slavery no longer exists, because it is better for the white people of the South. It is better for our industries and for our business as proved by the crops that free labor makes. But by eminence it is better for our social and ethical development. We will now begin to take our right place among both the conservative and aggressive forces of the civilized and Christian world.

Thirdly, I am grateful because it is unspeakably better for our children and our children's children. It is better for them in a thousand ways. I have not time for discussion in detail now. But this, if nothing else, proves the truth of my position: there are more white children at work in the South to-day than ever before. Our children are growing to believe that idleness is vagabondage. One other thing: we hear much about the disadvantages to our children of leaving them among several millions of freedmen. I recognize them and feel them, but I would rather leave my children among several millions of free negroes than among several millions of negroes in slavery.

But leaving out of view all discussion of the various benefits that may come through the enfranchisement of the negroes, I am thankful on the broad and unqualified ground that there is now no slavery in all our land. Does any one say to me this day, "You have new light, and you have changed the opinions you entertained twenty years ago," — I answer humbly but gratefully, and without qualification, "I have new light and I do now believe many things that I did not believe twenty years ago. Moreover, if it please God to spare me in this world twenty years longer, I hope to have on many difficult problems more new light.

I expect, if I see the dawn of 1900, to believe some things that I now reject, and to reject some things that I now believe. And I shall not be alone."

I declare to you my hope that in twenty years from now the words "the South" will have only a geographical significance. I have spoken what I solemnly believe to be the truth. Moreover, the time has fully come when these truths should be spoken by somebody; and I try to do my part, persuaded that before many years there will happily be no longer any occasion or need for them to be spoken.

There is no reason why the South should be despondent. Let us cultivate industry and economy, observe law and order, practise virtue and justice, walk in truth and righteousness, and press on with strong hearts and good hopes. The true golden day of the South is yet to dawn. But the light is breaking, and presently the shadows will flee away. Its fulness of splendor I may never see; but my children shall see it, and I wish them to get ready for it while they may.

THE ADVENT OF THE BALLOT REFORM.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

A HOPE, risen like the Star in the East, has fixed the gaze of our patriotic countrymen; and everywhere — in our busy marts of trade and on our farms, in our cities and in our villages, in the dwellings of the rich and in the homes of the poor, in our universities and in our workshops, in our banking-houses and in the ranks of inexorable toil —

they greet with enthusiastic acclaim the advent of the ballot reform.

There are no leaders in this cause. Those who seem to lead the movement are but swept to the front by the surging force of patriotic sentiment. It rises far above partisanship, and only the heedless, the sordid, and the depraved refuse to join in the crusade. This reform is predicated upon the cool deliberation of political selfishness in its endeavor to prostitute our suffrage to the purpose of private gain. It is rightly supposed that corruption of the voter is entered upon with such business calculation that the corrupter will only pay a bribe when he has ocular proof that the suffrage he has bargained for is cast in his interest. So, too, it is reasonably expected that if the employee or laborer is, at the time of casting his ballot, removed from the immediate control of his employer, the futility of intimidation will lead to its abandonment.

The change demanded by this reform in the formalities surrounding the exercise of the privilege of suffrage has given rise to solicitude for the rights of our voters; and the fear has been expressed that inability on the part of the electors to conform to the requirements of the proposed change might produce great inconveniences, and in some cases result in disfranchisement. Though the emergency which is upon us is full of danger, and though we sadly need relief, all rights should be scrupulously preserved. But there should be no shuffling, and no frivolous objections should be tolerated. When a dwelling is in flames we use no set phrase of speech to warn its inmates, and no polite, courtly touch to effect their rescue.

Experience has often demonstrated how quickl

obstacles which seemed plausible if not convincing, when urged against a measure of reform, are dissipated by the test of trial, and how readily a new order of things adjusts itself by successful use. I remember the inauguration of another reform, and I have seen it grow and extend until it has been firmly established in our laws and practice. It is to-day our greatest safeguard against complete and disgraceful degradation of our public service. Its victory came, — wrought by the force of enlightened public sentiment, — and upon its trial every objection which had been urged against it was completely discredited.

As it has been with civil-service reform, so will it be with the ballot reform, except that the coming victory will be more speedily achieved and will be more complete. And as the grand old State of Massachusetts was foremost to adopt and demonstrate the practicability of civil-service reform, so has she been first to adopt a thorough scheme of ballot reform, and to prove in practice its value and the invalidity of the objections made against it. We thank Massachusetts for all that she has done for these reforms, and we hope that her sister States will soon be keeping step with her in the enforcement of an effective and honest measure of ballot reform.

In conclusion, let me say that good men have no cause for discouragement. Though there are dangers which threaten our welfare and safety, the virtue and patriotism of the American people are not lost, and we shall find them sufficient for us. If in too great confidence they slumber, they will not always sleep. Let them but be roused from lethargy and indifference by the consciousness of peril, and they will burst the bonds of political

selfishness, revive their political freedom, and restore the purity of their suffrage. Thus will they discharge the sacred trust committed to their keeping; thus will they still proudly present to the world proof of the value of free institutions; thus will they demonstrate the strength and perpetuity of a government by the people; thus will they establish American patriotism throughout the length and breadth of our land; and thus will they preserve for themselves and for posterity their God-given inheritance of freedom and justice and peace and happiness.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

We ought to find the fundamental principles of representation exemplified in its highest and most perfect form in the great national council, for there, in the lower House, richly endowed by the Constitution, are directly represented the will and sovereignty of the sixty or seventy million people of these United States. By the Constitution the representatives of the people were to have the sole right of originating bills to raise revenue, and it was in behalf of the House of Representatives that Washington uttered the only words spoken by him from the floor during the sitting of the convention of 1787.

The House of Representatives was intended by the framers of the Constitution to be the body which should initiate great policies and exercise the greatest influence in legislation; for its functions were purely legislative, and the public purse

was confided to its keeping. Yet the great assembly thus gifted by the Constitution, strong by its nature, and as the direct embodiment of the representative principle, has declined, instead of rising in influence and force. By its own mistakes, it has allowed its great powers to slip through its fingers, and to pass into the keeping of the Senate, endowed already with the peculiar executive powers conferred upon it by the Constitution.

The House of Representatives, from one cause and another, certainly from entirely false theories of government, has tied itself up by a network of rules of its own making until it is reduced to simple inaction. The majority has ceased to rule, and the minority is unable to govern. Great measures demanded by three-quarters of the people, without regard to party, and favored by three-quarters of the House, come up only to be strangled. There never was a greater travesty of representative government, of popular government, and of government by the majority, than is presented by the American House of Representatives under its own rules and customs as they exist to-day.

At the same time, the powers which they have taken from themselves, under some idea that they cannot be safely trusted with them, have been assumed by others. What the House has laid down, the Senate has taken up; and it is to the Senate, intended originally from a legislative point of view to serve as a check and a balance on the House, that the people now look for any real legislative action; while the House serves for little more than to keep the Senate from doing what the House ought to do itself and what the nation demands.

In addition to this, the House has been crippled

by the mass of things thrown upon it with which it should not be called upon to deal. It should not be made a court of claims or a pension office. Least of all should it be made a machine for the distributing of offices; for of all the evils which beset public life and which destroy the usefulness of parties and of public men, the greatest beyond all doubt is the evil of patronage. It is utterly un-American; it is wrong in the theory; it is vicious in practice; and it should be done away with entirely, as unworthy of American intelligence, and fit only for the monarchies from which it is inherited.

The body which ought to represent to-day in its finest flower the great principle of representation, does not hold the position nor have the opportunities which belong to it. The National House of Representatives of the United States does not embody properly the great principle of representation planted more than two hundred and fifty years ago by the men who landed on Plymouth Rock. I say to you, — and I wish my voice could reach every thoughtful American in the land, — Restore your House of Representatives to the position which it ought to occupy. I know that the evil and the power of cure are in the keeping of the House itself, but without the mighty force of public opinion all effort in this direction is powerless.

There is, however, one voice which never threatens in vain, and which no Congress will disobey. Let the voice of the people command that the House fulfil the purpose for which it exists, and that command will be executed. Let us tear off the swaddling bands which are paralyzing the Congress of the United States. Let us throw off the burdens which should never have been placed upon it.

Let us root out the evils of patronage which infest the public life of the United States. Let us do these things so that the House of Representatives may become again the representative of the people, able to do the people's work, able to deal with the questions which affect the people, and able to carry out the will of the majority of the people, whatever that might be. Restore it again to the position that should be occupied by a great representative body which on this continent traces its high descent from Jamestown and from Plymouth Rock.

PURITANISM.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE history of New England to this hour, so far as it has been directed by the descendants of the men who founded it, has been the result and outgrowth of Puritanism as applied to the changing circumstances which the centuries have brought with them. Puritanism is something far more than a capacity to encounter and endure the sufferings and hardships of life. It is something far more than an austere and Spartan disdain of pleasure or luxury or mirth. The wisdom of Puritanism is a wisdom that can dwell alone in a forest. It is also a wisdom that can live with children round its knees, and

> "Temper with the sternness of the brain
> Thoughts motherly and meek as womanhood."

Puritanism, whatever else may belong to it, involves three essential things, — First, obedience

to the voice of conscience in the soul as the voice of God. Second, the demand that this obedience shall be the rule of conduct for states as well as individuals. Third, reverence for the individual soul of each individual man, as entitled to an equal share in the government of the state, and its right to commune with its Maker in its own way, without the interference of any other human authority whatever.

Faith, law, freedom, — these three principles are the essence of New England Puritanism. From this root has grown what we call New England. They have made this bleak and desolate wilderness blossom as the rose. We do not often reflect how much of the beauty and glory of the landscape are put into it from the soul of man. This is true of New England as of few other spots on earth. I do not now speak merely or chiefly of the charm which is spread over the face of the earth by the imagination of man. I do not speak of the glamour of historic or poetic association. No corner of the earth is richer in such associations than ours.

But I speak of the physical change wrought in the face of nature by the hand of man. I speak of the bay, desolate, or with only the canoe of the Indian skimming its shore, as contrasted with the bay dotted with sails and swarming with steamships. I speak of the contrast between the unbroken forest or the unbroken plain, and the same scene covered with fertile farms and happy homesteads.

Think of Massachusetts as she was when the Pilgrims came, and as she now is with her many fair cities and her numerous populous towns filled with the homes of her workmen, from among which rise to heaven the hum of the factory, the cheer-

ful voices of gathering school children, the tones of the church bells, heard beyond the stars. Think of the villas and gardens that surround the fair bay of Newport. Think of the sweet fields of Connecticut, once trodden by the footsteps of the Uncas, afterwards by those of the men who gave us the most marvellous part of the mechanism of our national Constitution.

Think of Vermont, that Arcadia on earth, her hills green and fertile to their summits, under the culture of her children, who draw in the love of liberty with their mother's milk. Think of Maine, daughter of Massachusetts, in her brief summer, opening the blue eyes of her thousand lakes, beautiful in her far northern clime with a beauty beyond that which the genius of Virgil spread over his own Italy.

"On many a hill the happy homesteads stand;
The living lakes through many a vale expand;
Cool glens are there and shadowy caves divine;
Deep sleep and far-off voices of the kine;
From moor to moor the exulting wild deer stray,
The strenuous youth are strong and sound as they.
One reverence still the untainted race inspires,
Their country first, and after her their sires."

GREATEST FRUIT OF THE DECLARATION.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

THE greatest of all the fruits of the Charter of Independence was the proclamation of liberty to the captive through a great part of the civilized world. The seed sown broadcast over the world fell much of it as described in the Scriptures, —

some of it sprouting too early, as in France, and yielding none but bitter fruit; but more, after living in the ground many years, producing results most propitious to the advancement of mankind.

I will not go into details describing the progress of the revolution that has changed the face of civilization. The principle enunciated in our precious scroll has done its work in Great Britain and France, and most of all in the immense expanse of the territories of the Autocrat of all the Russias, who of his own mere motion proclaimed that noble decree which liberated from serfdom at one stroke twenty-three millions of the human race. This noble act will remain forever one of the grandest steps toward the elevation of mankind ever taken by a sovereign of any race in any age.

But, though freely conceding the spontaneous volition of the Czar in this instance, I do not hesitate to affirm that but for the subtle essence infused into the political sentiment of the age by the great Declaration of 1776, he would never have been inspired with the lofty magnanimity essential to the completion of his work.

I recall the fearful conflict for the maintenance of this grand principle of liberty to which we had pledged ourselves at the very outset of our national career, and out of which we have, by the blessing of the Almighty, come safe and sound. The history is fresh in our minds, there is no need of recalling its details. Never was the first aspect of any contention surrounded by darker clouds; yet viewing, as we must, its actual issue, at no time has there ever been more reason to rejoice in the present and look forward to a still more brilliant future. Now that the agony is over, who is there

that will admit that he does not rejoice at the removal of the ponderous burden which weighed down our spirits in earlier days?

The great law proclaimed at the beginning of our course has been at last fully carried out. No more apologies to evil-minded objectors for inconsistency. No more unwelcome comparisons with the superior liberality of absolute monarchs in distant regions of the earth. Thank God! now there is not a man who treads the soil of this broad land, void of offence, who in the eyes of the law does not stand on the same level with every other man! If the memorable words of Thomas Jefferson, that true Apostle of Liberty, had done only this, it would alone serve to carry him aloft high up among the benefactors of mankind. Not America alone, but Europe and Asia, and above all Africa, nay, the great globe itself, move in an orbit never so resplendent as now.

BOSTON, MASS., AND CHARLESTON, S. C.

MAYOR COURTENAY OF CHARLESTON.

In the wonderful century which saw at its beginning the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and at its close the death of the great Commoner, the shores of this our now wide domain were being trod by the first settlers of Port Royal and Jamestown, of New Amsterdam and Plymouth, of Boston and Charleston. In looking over the fields of our great conquests, we are reminded of an origin from different lands, under different languages, in a magnificent age, and of the duties

which should go hand in hand with our privileges. And so it concerns us all as citizens of a common country, that our great Republic shall grow even more and more in wisdom, power, and splendor in the years to come, and that this Western world of civil liberty and self-government shall remain to those who are to come after us.

You have been pleased to honor South Carolina and her chief city. I speak for a State with renewed life, with a wise and beneficent government, with her fields and forests weighted with thirty millions of remunerative crops, with the hum of many profitable industries everywhere heard within her borders, and with fresh population coming to her from many quarters. But above and beyond all these evidences of a material prosperity, I speak for a people not only prosperous and contented, but who, having bravely survived the sorrows and sacrifices of the near past, are looking forward to an inviting future, keenly alive to impulse and achievement, with ardent hopes and large plans in this the birthtime of their new public life, and with no political aspirations outside of the union of States which is "to give to liberty a continent to exist in."

Boston with her ampler resources and larger responsibilities sends cordial greetings to the old city of Gadsden and Moultrie. Happy reunion of early friends! What though the two cities have been separated in thought and deed since the heroic days when Moultrie's guns sent answer back in no unintelligible signal to Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill! The issues which since divided them have now passed away forever! Time is valuable for the lessons it imparts!

Behind St. George's chapel at Windsor Castle,

there is a nook whose sombre shadow matches well the significance of its centre-piece, for there stands a memorial harmonizing with the noble arches, the knightly banners, and the grand monuments of its historic interior and shadowy cloisters. In the midst of its emerald grass plat rises a tall, slender cross of stone without ornament of any kind, nothing to rivet the attention or take captive the imagination. Yet in the panorama of this great museum of history there are few spots more profoundly impressive. Men stand around this simple royal memorial and tell how the last of the Bonapartes, dying in a distant land in the ranks of his hereditary enemies, is honored at this ancient home of kings, by a queen who has happily outlived the antagonisms and passions of her people in the early years of this century.

And so, too, may the people of our wide-spreading Union with grateful hearts tell of this noble city whose distinguished son uttered the first potent word of reconciliation when he asked that the names of the places of civil strife should be removed from the victorious flags of the restored Union. Other sons of Boston, acting out this noble thought, have since done the work which that symbol of St. George's chapel teaches. The schoolhouse, the Home of Rest, the mission work of Charleston, have each felt the ministering hand of the sons and daughters of this generous city; and on every New Year's Day, the widows and orphans of some one who "wore the gray" are reminded of Boston's continuing charity. Let me close by making acknowledgment of so great a consideration and sympathy for the "city by the sea" during a period when public opinion was not as advanced in kindly thoughts as now, and to

utter the wish that Boston may enjoy the dignity of age without its decays, and have through the centuries all the gladness and growth of youth to augment her fame and her fortune.

THE STATES.

FITZHUGH LEE.

We gaze with patriotic pride upon the grand rivers which flow from State to State as they bear upon their bright, broad bosoms the white-winged messengers of commerce, — but how seldom do our thoughts dwell upon the source from which those blessings flow! We see the fiery steeds of heaven, flying with electric hoofs, placing in close communion State with State, — but who thinks of the inventor of the telegraph? Great parallel lines of steel make the track for the iron horse that rushes, heedless of danger and fearless of opposition, leaping rivers and diving under mountains, bringing together the surging billows of the Atlantic and the golden sands of the Pacific, — but who thinks of the originator of the steam-engine? Great discoveries in applied sciences are almost daily being utilized for the benefit of man, — but whose thoughts turn to the discoverer?

Great problems of human government have been worked out by the brain of man, constitutional liberty has been discovered, freedom has come to dwell in our midst, and it seems now as if the science of popular government would be proved upon a scale to which the Roman Republic was but a mere province, for already the national banner

floats over more square leagues of land than did that of Rome after seven centuries of growth, — but who thinks often enough of Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, and their distinguished colleagues, through whose patient intellectual labors this great Republic was founded?

It is our duty to look back over the country's growth and to reflect upon the path the Republic has been following from the inauguration of the President of thirteen States to that of the President of forty-two. Let us, then, with grateful emotion greet the memories of the men whose profound knowledge enabled them to construct a government of States, which, in turn, by their representatives, encircled the States themselves by a national constitutional girdle.

The rights of the States and the powers of the General Government were defined, so that the security of the States is the safety of the Union, and the safety of the Union is the security of the States. Upon our star-spangled banner each State is a star so similar in appearance and right of presence that no man can go to their beds of blue and point out the star that represents his State.

In the great dome above, the heavenly orbits may differ in magnitude, motion, and periodic revolution; but their paths are fixed and their laws immutable. The States differ in size and in commercial prosperity, but the laws of the United States are the same for each, and must always be equal if we desire to preserve intact our American Constellation. Should that central body around which the earth and the planets revolve and by which they are held in their orbits, march into the orbits of the planets, eternal chaos would follow; or should the planets depart from their

routes and break well-known laws, eternal ruin would result.

The federal head in our system of government is the sun; the States, the planets. The first is regulated by delegated powers; the second exercises all rights not given to the first, except those specifically prohibited. If the States break from their orbits and encroach upon the National Government, disaster and ruin follow; if the National Government invades the reserved rights of the States, calamity comes: so that observance, on the part of both, of the Constitution, assures the liberties of the people.

The Republic of to-day should be the Republic of the fathers — the United States of to-day should be the United States of 1789. May it so continue! and may the contest hereafter between the States be for the promotion of commerce and civilization, the progress of agricultural and manufacturing wealth, and the development of the arts and sciences, while each State is laboring at the same time to promote the common glory of the United States! Then may we hear the harmonious invocations from all hearts ascending to our fathers' God, sweeping into the heavens and rising above the stars, that State shall not lift up its sword against State, neither shall they know war any more, and that the reign of peace, union, and fraternity shall be as lasting as the home of the stars — as eternal as the foundations of the everlasting hills — and "Liberty enlightening the World" join the swelling anthem and proclaim to her subjects everywhere that the problem of free popular and constitutional government has been solved upon the American continent.

THE REPUBLIC OF NEW ENGLAND.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ALL the Republics in the world's history have failed but one; and that one is not the United States, but New England. The republicanism of the South failed, for it blossomed into slavery and aristocracy that strengthens with years. Take Maryland and Massachusetts as examples of Southern and Northern Democracy. They started about the same time in the New World. The Southern settlement had the advantage in all material ways. The Maryland settlers were of a higher social class than the Puritans. They left England under fairer auspices. They chose for their new home one of the most fertile and beautiful countries on this continent. They were mainly Catholics, and they established freedom of religion in their colony; they invited all good men to join them without question of creed.

The circumstances of the Plymouth settlement were unfavorable, in all respects. The climate was harsh, the winter long, the soil unprofitable, the settlers few in number, and poor in all means requisite to make successful such a fight with nature. In religion they were tremendously earnest, austere, and illiberal. They had fled from persecution, and they claimed the right to persecute. Their creed and discipline were gloomy and rigorous and unlovely. They were full of sincere faith; to their souls "the wrath of God" was as visible as the storm-cloud to their eyes.

And yet with all its advantages, the republicanism of Maryland failed, and with all its drawbacks the

republicanism of Massachusetts succeeded. What was the reason? Because the Southern settlers were liberal in religious freedom, and illiberal in social order; while the Puritans were not free religiously, but thoroughly equal in social and civil rights. There was a seed for the future sown in Massachusetts two hundred and fifty years ago that was not sown in the South. In the seventeenth century the Southern element was liberal and free; in the nineteenth century it was slaveholding and defending slavery. In the seventeenth century the Puritan was illiberal, unfree, a slave to his own intolerance; but in the nineteenth century he was a soldier of freedom, and he unlocked the shackles of every slave in the South.

The Southerners were religious commoners and social aristocrats. The first century of their history saw them classified permanently as patrician, overseer, trader, and slave. They apostrophized democracy in meeting, and went home to flog their bondsmen. The Puritan got rid of slavery in his first century; every generation grew more liberal and more powerful, because the whole people were advancing like an army. He abolished his blue laws; he let Quakers and Catholics come and live in peace. The Southern patrician, magnificently spending his slave-earned money, despised trade and disrespected labor. The Yankee manufacturer and trader, spending the money his own hands and brains had earned, respected himself and all self-dependent and industrious men. Unlovely as was the aspect of Puritanism, it was beautiful in its firm and unquestioning Christian faith; and it must have been for this that God rewarded the Puritan with a gift of such priceless value.

THE TOWN OF CONCORD, MASS.

GEORGE D. ROBINSON.

THE early settlers of Concord, we must believe, could not have fully anticipated what has resulted. They worked with the highest ideal in view, but we can hardly fancy that the men who founded the town in 1635 saw that with unerring certainty the signal distinction would fall there that came in 1775. Patriotism was not confined to that town, it spread everywhere. There were other hills and other rivers and other bridges and other ways, and none but divine knowledge could have known that it would come to the stream in Concord.

It is not the old North Bridge that makes the town justly famous. Down through the Locrian Mountains ran the defile of Thermopylæ. It would have remained unknown in history, without even a mention or recognition, had not three hundred brave souls gone down there for Lacedæmon's cause. Bridges everywhere, streams numerous, the North Bridge not significant; but the manhood that stood on the bridge, and stemmed the tide of British aggression, and turned back the onset in victory, was peculiar to that time. The old bridge has disappeared, the traveller sees it no more. He loves to know that its planks have passed into the foundation work of the platform in the town hall. He knows that the shot was heard round the world; but, more, the impulse went everywhere, and wherever the oppressed recognized it, there came confidence and courage and encouragement.

Our independence was surely not the work of a year or of a decade. The work, the process, com-

menced with the first settlement. More than a century passed while this movement was proceeding to its unerring result. The church, the schoolhouse, the town-meeting, were educating the people to know not only that it was their right to be free, but were inspiring them with the heroism that would dare in the future to declare that independence. So surely under God's providence was the power implanted in the people that should strike down oppression.

Said the great inventor Stephenson, to the Dean of Westminster, "What impels that locomotive engine?" "Why, sir, steam, of course." "No," said Stephenson, "it is the sunbeam that God sent into the flowers." The great drama was prepared and rehearsed in Concord from 1635 to 1775, and then the first act was opened there in the presence and with the knowledge of the civilized world, and the curtain was not rung down at the close until Yorktown came and America was free forevermore.

We may look with trembling and anxiety in our imaginings of what the future shall be. We can safely trust the past. We know that in the early days Congress sat in Concord choosing John Hancock to the presidency. We do not fail to remember that Harvard College for a time found its home in that town. And though it may be that in the later years Harvard has gone to her permanent establishment in the city where it was first located, yet wherever literature and science, and statesmanship and poetry, and romance and philosophy, are considered, there shall be told the name of Concord. And though Congress comes no longer there, Concord's sons are in the great Congress of the nation, expressing her intelligence and her power.

If it be so in the future, we need have no anxiety or apprehension for what shall come.

"We can bear to the future no greater than to us the past hath brought;
Faithful to the lowliest duty, true to the loftiest thought."

And as we look back only a few years, as we look back to the work that was done from 1861 to 1865, when we see that Concord blood and Concord courage and Concord patriotism failed not in the nation's emergency, we know that whatever may betide, so long as the schoolhouse, the church and religion and integrity, shall stand, there shall yet be a grand army that will take care that the nation shall live.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

In the summer of 1887, Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, celebrated with imposing ceremonial the fiftieth anniversary of her reign. The world never witnessed a more glittering pageant, and no people in heralding and accompanying the procession with loyal enthusiasm and ringing acclaim ever viewed a half-century of retrospect with loftier pride. The queen, as sovereign and woman, commanded their devotion, respect, and love; but nowhere in that splendid procession appeared the witnesses for the triumphs of the people to be remembered as the chief glory of her reign. Subject princes from India whose ancestors had faced Alexander of Macedon, and tributary sovereigns from Asia and Africa and the islands of

the sea, exhibited the world-circling supremacy of the British flag.

At the same time, in Philadelphia, the United States were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the life of their Constitution. The most ancient and venerable relic of the past in the procession was the Declaration of Independence. In our ceremonial were the mammoth printing-presses, the locomotive, the steamship, trained lightning in its manifold forms of usefulness, the arts in their development and perfection, the schoolhouse and the university, the farm, the city with its magic growth and wondrous industries, and, pervading the pageant, the political idea of man, panoplied with American liberty, and responsible and obedient only to God and the law.

As the human race have moved along down the centuries, the dissenters from blind obedience, the colonists and state builders, have broken camp with the morning, and followed the sun until the close of day. They have tarried for ages in fertile valleys and beside great streams; but as the family grew into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, those who possessed the indomitable and unconquerable spirit of freedom have seen the promise flashed from the clouds in the glorious rays of the sinking orb of day, and first with despair and courage, and then with courage and hope, and lastly with faith and prayer, they have marched westward.

The scenes of the fifth act of the grand drama are changing, with the world as its stage, and all races and tongues the audience. And yet as it culminates in power and grandeur and absorbing interest, the attention remains riveted upon one majestic character. He stands the noblest leader who was ever intrusted with his country's life.

His patience under provocation, his lofty courage when all others despaired, his magnanimity to his defamers and generosity to his foes, his ambition for his country and unselfishness for himself, have combined to make him by the unanimous judgment of the world, the foremost figure in history. He was the strongest because the best-balanced, the fullest-rounded, the most even and the most self-masterful, of men, the incarnation of common sense; and the Republic will live, so long as it reveres the memory and emulates the virtues of George Washington.

CHARACTER AND SERVICE.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The two words "character" and "service" describe the higher regions of man's life in which alone his powers can fulfil themselves and know their real strength and fit themselves for the full doing of even their lower tasks. In them the workman doomed to-day to lower toils, when he is once allowed to enter, lifts himself up and knows his dignity and begins to put forth the might which he possesses.

Character, — what is that? The absolute quality of a being, distinguished from its circumstances; behind even that closest of circumstances which we call the body, the intrinsic substance of the soul, what the man is, original, distinct, different from what any other man has ever been before; fed through the channels of his circumstances, of what happens to him, but fed directly from first principles, from fundamental and eternal

truths; an utterance of the life of God; a true unity and harmony of personal existence, which can change every condition and be itself unchanged, whose goodness and badness rest in every fibre and substance of itself; a true soul. That is character.

Service, — What do we mean by that? The other truth about each human nature, — that the personality is a portion of humanity and that what belong to it belongs also to the larger whole; that it realizes and possesses itself only as it gives itself to the greater which infolds it; that it is its own only as it serves the life of man to which it belongs; as the eye keeps its quality of vision only as it dwells in the complete structure and dedicates its power of vision to the use of the whole body, hand and foot and tongue and heart as they may need it.

These are the two great wonderful regions of life which we call character and service. These are the regions in which the human powers fulfil themselves and put on their full strength and glory. In seeking character, in rendering unselfish, self-sacrificing service, ingenuity becomes a hundred-fold acute, assiduity is clothed with an unguessed-of industry, imagination grows into bewildering fervor, love and ambition are transfigured into passions, and with the increase of strength comes an increase of fineness which shows that the old powers which once hammered at the low forges of life were not merely doing higher things but shining themselves with the revealed radiance of their true natures. Vulcan has shown himself a god.

These are the regions where the saints have meditated and the heroes fought. These are the

regions into which the saintly and the heroic parts of our own lives have pressed sometimes and known in spite of themselves that they were saintly and heroic.

Now the one great thing we need is to believe that in character and service lies the true life of a human creature. We do not thoroughly believe that. We think of the struggle to be perfect and the effort to serve humanity as suburbs of the human life, great districts into which excursions are to be made, heavens into which ecstatic flights are to be soared, not as the very city and citadel of humanity, to live outside of which is not to be a man. Until we do believe that with our hearts and souls, the higher regions are still closed to our powers and they live, stunted and perverted, at their lower tasks.

It is only to man daring to think of himself nobly and divinely — ay! as the son of God — that there comes the possibility of putting his human powers to their perfect use. Character and service both fling their doors wide open to him who knows himself the son of God. The divine soul of Christ and the great work before him, to be himself and to save the world, these made his life. Therefore let the foxes have holes and the birds of the air their nests, let Pilate sit upon his throne and the Pharisees weigh their mint, anise and cummin. He took these splendid human capacities of ours and carried them beyond the stars into the heavenly worlds of character and service and when men listened — as they had to listen — hark! in these visionary worlds, the same old human faculties had put out a new strength and worked with a pulse of power and a throb of music which made heaven and earth stand still to

listen. Yet it was our human patience with which he was patient, and our human bravery with which he was brave, and our human intelligence with which he knew, and our human purity with which he was pure, only they proved themselves when they attained their full humanity.

PURSUIT OF CHARACTER AND SERVICE.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

More men are trying to be prosperous than are trying to be good: but find the field of the profoundest struggle, of the most passionate longing, of the most obstinate determination that the earth contains, and it will not be even where men are haggard with the thirst for gold; it will be in some hour of spiritual agony or trust where a soul is defying its temptation and laying hold on its divine heritage and wrestling for its spiritual life.

To superficial observers and listeners it has sometimes seemed as if not scholarship but athletics offered the most widely coveted prizes of our college life, but I suppose no reasonable man ever doubted that if you could find the one man there who was the hardest worker in the whole world of eager work, it would be a book and not a ball that you would find in his devoted hands. If it is the sordid prizes of life, the new-found fields of gold, the great carnivals of pleasure or of fame that have scattered enthusiasm like broadcast fire over whole continents of human life, it has been learning, character, service, the passion of the scholar and the saint, which have flung up the

solitary peaks of supreme consecration farthest into the sky, which have lighted the purest, whitest flames of absolute devotion in single souls, which have made men "scorn delights and live laborious days," which have built the cells and brought men singing to the stakes and scaffolds. If selfishness has had its frenzied mobs, unselfishness alone has had its Christ.

If we mourn bitterly that the great mass of our thought and feeling has been given to little things, the one moment still in our life which stands out above all others as the moment when we really thought and felt, the moment when we thought and felt so intensely that it seems as if then and then alone thought and feeling were indeed realities to us, was a moment not of the little but of the great, the moment when we loved devotedly, when Truth declared herself our mistress, when we saw that to serve our brethren, — that and that alone was to live,— that truth was of supreme significance.

It is on these highest lives and these highest moments of all lives that Faith dwells with her loftiest assurance. The best that man has been, the best that any man has been, does not perish. It lies in wait thenceforth to captivate man, the man, whenever his baser needs and nature let him free for a moment. This is the reason and meaning of all the presentation of good names and natures as inspirations to other and more ordinary men. You write the names of six brave and noble men upon a field of bodily exercise and pleasure. If those men were exceptions, if they made a use of their humanity, such as it is not possible that other men, that all men should make, then I know not why their names there are not a standing

mockery to every hopeless youth who enters the field with dreams of muscular prowess — the delight of animal strength. If these men are true elder brothers of the men who follow them, and just make and keep manifest forever what are the true uses of the powers which the college and the field develop and display, then there is inspiration in their names, and to have written them upon the stone is to have done something for which a man's soul may be glad and proud. For nothing can open higher visions of what man shall do and be some day, than the assurance that all humanity possesses powers of which a few human beings have made manifest the undeveloped capacity in their uses and applications.

However the powers of man may seem to satisfy themselves in lower tasks, they can do their fullest work and so can come to their best development only in the highest fields of life. From those highest fields they are in the lives of many men excluded and so are limited to lower operations where they cannot put forth their full strength. In the lives of the noblest men, and in the noblest moment of all lives, the human powers have been sent forth freely into the highest regions of their exercise and there have manifested their essential glory. The completed life of any man or of the world can only come when all these higher regions shall be constantly open, and the energies of human life, hope, expectation, enthusiasm, sympathy, skill, ambition, purified and refined in them by the lofty atmosphere in which they live and work, shall come back to their lower tasks to make them, too, more pure and fine and lofty.

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NIHILISM is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed under an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. When "order reigns in Warsaw" it is spiritual death. Nihilism is the last weapon of victims choked and manacled beyond all other resistance. It is crushed humanity's only means of making the oppressor tremble. God means that unjust power shall be insecure, and every move of the giant, prostrate in chains, whether it be to lift a single dagger or stir a city's revolt, is a lesson in justice. One might well tremble for the future of the race if such a despotism did exist without provoking the bloodiest resistance.

I honor Nihilism, since it redeems human nature from the suspicion of being utterly vile, made up only of heartless oppressors and contented slaves. Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We cannot but pity the sufferings of any human being however richly deserved. But such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains.

Chatham rejoiced when our fathers rebelled. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bitterer than any Hancock or Adams could give. Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was, "Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica," a sentiment that Southey echoed. "Eschew cant," said that old moralist, but of all cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety

may be the worst, the cant of Americans bewailing Russian Nihilism is the most disgusting.

I know what reform needs, and all it needs in a land where discussion is free, the press untrammelled, and where public halls protect debate. There, as Emerson says, "What the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day, and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations." Lieber said in 1870, "Bismarck proclaims to-day in the Diet the very principles for which we were hunted and exiled fifty years ago."

Submit to risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't excuse, don't retreat a single inch, and you will finally be heard. No matter how long and how weary the waiting, at last, —

"Ever the truth comes uppermost and ever is justice done.
For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands.

"Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While that hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To gather up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

In such a land he is doubly guilty, who, except in some extreme case, disturbs the sober rule of law and order. But such is not Russia. In Russia there is no press, no debate, no explanation of what government does, no remonstrance allowed, no agitation of public issues, — dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mont Blanc, freezes

the whole empire, — long ago described as a "despotism tempered by assassination." Meanwhile, such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling race, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane, — a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred millions of men.

The young girl whispers in her mother's ear, under a ceiled roof, her pity for a brother knouted and dragged half-dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked and flogged to death in the public square, — no inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest. One dead, uniform silence, the law of tyrant, — where is there any ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever? Machiavel's sorry picture of poor human nature would be fulsome flattery if men could keep still under such oppression.

No, no! In such a land, dynamite and the dagger are necessary; anything that will make the madman quake in his bed-chamber, and rouse his victims into reckless and desperate resistance. This is the only view an American — the child of 1620 and 1776 — can take of Nihilism; any other unsettles and perplexes the ethics of our civilization.

POOR AND LITTLE GREECE.

HARVEY N. SHEPARD.

GREECE is a little land, with no mountains of majestic height, no plains of great breadth, no rivers which are navigable. It is rich neither in gold nor silver, nor in the useful nor precious

metals. The wheat for its people has been brought for centuries from other countries, and its fruits, except the olive; and its wines do not compare with those of its near neighbors. It has known no vast and populous cities, no fame in manufacture, and no surprising fortunes won in trade. But it is great and rich in something higher and better than any and all of these. It has been always the cradle of liberty and the home of art, science, and literature.

Would you see man nearest to the perfection of his development as a physical and intellectual being, yon must turn to the Greek, trained in the gymnasia, exercised in the duties of war, a voter and a juror, a trained critic of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and an appreciative hearer of Demosthenes, Plato, Æschylus, and Herodotus. What, then, are the precious stuffs of Sidon and Tyre, the splendors of India, the vast domains of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, the long wall of China, the hanging gardens of Babylon, Thebes and her hundred gates, and even the legends of Eternal Rome, beside the Iliad of Homer, the learning of Aristotle, the eloquence of Athens, the fortitude of Sparta, the grace of the Parthenon, and the matchless glories in painting and sculpture which no artist since has ever dreamed to equal?

Take our stand where we will within the limits of any domain in the realm of knowledge, and, like the planets in their circle round the sun, we are controlled and illumined by the wisdom and beauty of ancient Greece. Her warriors saved Europe, for the benefit of all mankind, by their famous victories over the hitherto invincible soldiers of Darius, the 3,000,000 followers of Xerxes and his myriad far-stretching war-galleys, from the crush-

ing and debasing despotism of the East to the more brilliant record of free commonwealths known to history. Overcome by the power of Rome, nevertheless Greece continued crowded with temples and statues, and her schools of philosophy and rhetoric were filled with pupils from every portion of the empire; while all her forms of public life were kept in their former state.

Nor is it ancient Greece alone which claims our praise, nor the Greeks of to-day solely by our indebtedness to their ancestors, but because in the war of the revolution they proved to the world that neither had the weight of centuries weakened a noble lineage, nor years of suffering and slavery under the ruthless Turk quenched the fires of freedom and their aspirations for the blessings of knowledge and civilization. Constantinople sent forth her thousands, hordes of Tartars crossed the Bosphorus, Tripoli, Algeria, and Egypt gave their contingents, — all these hosts swarmed into poor and little Greece, repelled by all Europe, and left desolate and alone in her feebleness amid the ruins of her cities and villages, and the slavery of her women and children. More than two hundred thousand of her sons gave up their lives, but not in vain, for their oppressors died where the Persians died.

Inspired by this heroism the choice souls of other lands volunteered in her cause. Byron awoke from the delusions of passion, and crowned his life by a noble consecration to her cause; the navies of England and Russia sank and dispersed the fleet of Egypt, and Greece became one of the free nations of the earth. Many friends and well-wishers are disappointed that since her independence she has not taken a more distinguished and

prominent part in affairs. We make, however, too little allowance for her restricted territory and her narrow resources, and say not enough of her zeal for literature and her maintenance of common schools, even amid the horrors of war, and the pluck and push which are gathering all the commerce of the archipelago into new hands.

The Greeks are to-day the saving and intellectual element of the Eastern world, and when those regions, so richly endowed by nature for prosperity and happiness, are restored by the triumph of another Alexander, not necessarily with conquest by battle and the taking of cities by armed assault, but by the spread of Greek as the language of the people in all that vast and extended region, the powerful influence of her literature and the inspiration of her love of freedom, it will be a nobler and more enduring empire than that won by the great Macedonian, and even we may live to see the beginnings of a new Alexandria, and a new Antioch, and a new Palmyra, which shall equal the glories of ancient days.

POLITICAL EQUALITY THE SOUL OF THE REPUBLIC.

SAMUEL W. MC CALL.

THAT love of liberty which led our fathers to declare their independence of the British crown and their right to administer their own local affairs was nurtured and made strong by the training which they received in the town-meetings of the colonies. And that which preceded almost as the cause, the establishment of the nation, must be

perpetuated and kept vital if the nation is to realize the promises of its earlier days. A free republic cannot exist except among free men, and as the local-government idea with the discipline which it gave in freedom, underlies the foundations of the Republic, we must cultivate and extend it over the widest possible range consistent with the national unity, if we are to successfully strive for the spirit of an immortal liberty.

It has become quite a common thing for some, and especially those who call themselves scholars, to rail at the established. Of course a complex society is more nearly on the point of dissolution than a primitive one, just as a complicated machine is the more likely to break down. The established, however, is just what we need to uphold, — not the abuses and the rooted wrongs, but the idea that is evolving and must evolve, before anything in this world can approach a state of ultimate perfection.

The despot grows into the constitutional monarch, the constitutional monarch into the President, and the President into a mere point of intersection, the necessary instrument of a free people, divested of all the pomp and trappings of power. We shall thus arrive at the goal where the interest of each and all will be identical more certainly than if we passed through chaos to get there.

The evolution which is to come will find its expression from time to time in law. But by law I do not mean mere legislative enactments, for there may be a tyranny of laws as well as of kings. But even these tyrannical enactments help along the development of true law. The people become finally aroused, and rising in their imperial majesty and enlightened by what they have suffered they give a just and simple expression to their will.

We must catch the spirit of the founders of our Republic and apply it to the duties which confront us. Remember that the Republic was not founded for a class, but that it set aside the old order under which almost the whole race was to exist for the pampering of the few. It exists for the great mass, and if it can succeed in elevating these to a high level of manhood, it gives itself no special concern for the small and select or selfish class who are either above or beyond salvation.

It is this idea of the political equality, the equal legal right of every man, no matter what his condition may be, to run the race before him, that is the very soul of the Republic and should animate every fibre of its mighty bulk. This is the spirit for which you are each year to struggle to find a purer expression. If you are not ready to foster this, to cherish this idea as an invisible republic in your hearts and to give it body in your laws, it is mockery for you to vex the unhappy dust of those who founded or saved the Republic or to heap garlands upon their graves.

"There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,
But go thou by."

Remember that if anywhere under the broad shield of our Republic any class of her children are with her consent or acquiescence denied the common and equal rights of all, she commits a crime against the vital principle of her being and forfeits all claim to the love and obedience of her children and to the respect of the world. Do not forget the weighty words of the Farewell Address against party spirit. You would profane the work of the fathers if you would establish a party republic and have the civil or military army in her

service united by any other league or compact than the mighty bond of American citizenship. The reform of the civil service will never be accomplished in all its fulness, until, separated from the paltering and treachery of self-chosen leaders, it shall be made the people's reform, and until it shall cease to be degraded by the lip-service of professed friends who practise a policy of ostracism and proscription and live on the level of the worst doctrines of party hate.

WHO ARE REALLY HONORED.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

WHO among the citizens that throng our streets are the really honored? Not those who are so eagerly and vainly striving in their narrow, conventional circle, heedful merely of the rules of their own little game, but those who actually fill an honorable place in life. How much acknowledged dignity is there in that man who just accepts his station and makes the most of it, filling it with patience and self-sacrifice and achieving the victory of principle and affection. How much genuine nobleness in the quiet, unconscious discharge of duty! The field for precedence, is it not a broad one and close at hand? And is there no alternative between a frivolous and outside distinction, and some great theatre of action large enough to fill and dazzle the world's eye? Daily, right around us, there are occasions that summon up all the energies of manhood as with a trumpet peal.

See yonder, where the conflagration bursting through marble walls casts a terrible splendor

down the street and reddens the midnight sky! What an enemy has broken loose among us, devouring the achievements of human skill and the hopes of enterprise! What shall stay it? With a triumphant shout it snaps the fetters of stone! It roars with victory! It bends its flaming crest towards peaceful homes where men and mothers and babes lie in unconscious slumber! The bell beats! and what old bugle strain, what pibroch, what rattling drum, ever sounded a more perilous call? And on what battle-field that you have read of, was there ever displayed a loftier heroism, a more dauntless energy, than that man displays who with the unconscious courage of duty plunges into the furnace, mounts the quivering walls and making his own body a barrier between his fellow-men and the flame, stands there, scorched, bruised, bleeding, and beats the red terror back and beats it down, with that irresistible energy which always springs from the human will bent upon a noble purpose?

And so, in other forms, more quiet and more sacred, where the anticipation of public applause does not furnish its motive, men are exercising a heroism, and working achievements, that make dim and pale the trophies that are plucked from fields of war and in lists of glittering renown. And when these things are known, the hearts of men render a spontaneous honor, and admit the genuine titles of supremacy.

THE GREATEST CURSE TO LABOR.

T. V. POWDERLY.

LET me say a few words to you on a cause that some years ago was not so popular as it is to-day. Carry these words home with you. Tell them to every person you meet, whether Knight of Labor or not. The greatest curse that labor has to contend with to-day it finds in its own home, in its own grasp: the worst weapon that is wielded against labor to-day is held by the strong right hand of labor itself; and when that weapon is raised to strike a blow it is raised in the shape of a glass that carries with it the rum that drowns a man's reason.

If I could put words into the mouth of every one, I would say to every man, woman, and child who labors, throughout the length and breadth of the world, cast strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell. It damns, it blights, it sears conscience, body and soul, it destroys everything it touches, it reaches and ruins the family circle, drags the wife down from the pinnacle of purity and tramples her in the mire and then turns her into that house from which no decent, respectable woman ever comes alive. It takes her child from her grasp, it strangles innocence, purity, ay, even life itself at times. It takes the chair, the table, the furniture, the dishes, the mirror, and the little pictures your pennies bought; it takes them all to the pawnbroker's shop, and carries them in pennies to the grog-shop and drowns them all in oblivion.

When I see men going from the door of the saloon to the door of their homes, one in that

direction, another in that, each one a thing for the finger of scorn to be pointed at; each one a thing for all strong, honest, decent men and women to shun; each one a thing to despise as you would a serpent; each one reeling through the street in rags, with a face in which no intelligence is shown; each one with every feature of a man obliterated, and only that of the beast to be seen; — and I have seen these things rap on the doors of their homes, I have seen the women come to open the doors, I have seen the smile vanish from the face, I have heard the cry of children where the laugh should be, I have seen them at early morn and close of day, I have seen them in my own city, I have seen them in your own State, I have seen them in New York, I have seen them in every city east of the Mississippi, — and I know that if there is a damning blight and curse to labor it is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle.

TWO SCHOOLS OF ELOQUENCE.

RUFUS CHOATE.

It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and character of the speaker, but a national consciousness, — a national era, a mood, a hope, a dread, a despair, — in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes; such as breathes grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah;

such as gave a spell to the expression of Grattan and of Kossuth, — the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter, or which man may hear, — the eloquence of a perishing nation.

There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth; such as that in which the leader of Israel in its first days holds up to the new nation the Land of Promise; such as that which in the well-imagined speeches scattered by Livy over the history of the "majestic series of victories" speaks the Roman consciousness of growing aggrandizement which should subject the world; such as that through which, at the tribunes of her revolution, in the bulletins of her rising soldier, France told to the world her dream of glory.

And of this kind somewhat is ours; cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a State beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of itself. It is to no purpose that they tell you that it is in bad taste; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity; that a true national good breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the nation is old or young; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb; whether these coursers of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed.

Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those

of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators and poets and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Daniel Webster to the rock, the monument, the Capitol, and bid the "distant generations hail!"

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THERE is a love of country which comes uncalled for, one knows not how. It comes in with the very air, the eye, the ear, the instinct, the first beatings of the heart. The faces of brothers and sisters, and the loved father and mother, the laugh of playmates, the old willow-tree and well and schoolhouse, the bees at work in the spring, the note of the robin at evening, the lullaby, the cows coming home, the singing-book, the visits of neighbors, the general training, — all things which make childhood happy, begin it.

And then, as the age of the passions and the age of the reason draw on, and the love of home and the sense of security and property under law come to life, and as the story goes round, and as the book or the newspaper relates the less favored lot of other lands and the public and private sense of the man is forming and formed, there is a type of patriotism already. Thus they had imbibed it who stood that charge at Concord, and they who hung on the deadly retreat, and they who threw up the hasty and imperfect redoubt on Bunker Hill by night, set on it the blood-red provincial flag, and passed so calmly

with Prescott and Putnam and Warren through the experiences of the first fire.

To direct this spontaneous sentiment of hearts to our great Union, to raise it high, to make it broad and deep, to instruct it, to educate it, is in some things harder, and in some things easier; but it may be, it must be done. Our country has her great names, she has her food for patriotism for childhood and for man.

"Americans," said an orator of France, "begin with the infant in the cradle. Let the first word he lisps be Washington." Hang on his neck on that birthday and on that day of death at Mount Vernon, the medal of Congress, by its dark ribbon; tell him the story of the flag as it passes glittering along the road; bid him listen to that plain, old-fashioned, stirring music of the Union; lead him when school is out at evening to the grave of his great-grandfather, the old soldier of the war; bid him, like Hannibal, at nine years old, lay the little hand on that Constitution and swear reverently to observe it; lift him up and lift yourselves up to the height of American feeling; open to him and think for yourselves on the relation of America to the States; show him upon the map the area to which she has extended herself; the climates that come into the number of her months; the silver paths of her trade, wide as the world; tell him of her contributions to humanity, and her protests for free government; keep with him the glad and solemn feasts of her appointment; bury her great names in his heart and into your hearts; contemplate habitually, lovingly, intelligently, this vast reality of good; and such an institution may do somewhat to transform this surpassing beauty into a national life which shall last while the sun and moon endure.

CHANGES OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THINK of the changes wrought by the enormous influx into the United States in the last hundred years of so large a number of foreigners, and all the necessary consequences. It has added an immense ignorance and entire unfamiliarity with republican ideas and habits to the voting class. It has brought other political traditions, other languages, and other religious faiths. It has introduced powerful and organized influences not friendly to the republican principle of freedom of thought and action. It is to the change produced by immigration that we owe the first serious questioning of the public-school system, which was the nursery of the early Republic, and which is to-day the palladium of free popular government.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not lamenting, even in thought, the boundless hospitality of America. I do not forget that the whole European race came hither but yesterday, and has been domesticated here not yet three hundred years. I am not insensible of the proud claim of America to be the refuge of the oppressed of every clime; nor do I doubt in her maturity her power if duly directed to assimilate whole nations if need be, as in her infancy she achieved her independence, and in her prime maintained her unity.

But if she has been the hope of the world, and is so still, it is because she has understood both the conditions and the perils of freedom, and watches carefully the changing conditions under

which republican liberty is to be maintained. She will welcome to her ample bosom all who choose to be called her children. But if she is to remain the mother of Liberty, it will not be the result of those craven counsels whose type is the ostrich burying his head in the sand, but of that wise and heroic statesmanship whose symbol is her own heaven-soaring eagle, gazing undazzled even at the spots upon the sun.

And behold the wonderful changes wrought by steam! Within the century it has enormously expanded the national domain, and every added mile is an added strain to our system. The marvellous ease of communication, both by rail and telegraph, tends to obliterate conservative local lines, and to make a fatal centralization more possible. The telegraph, which instantly echoes the central command at the remotest point, becomes both a facility and a temptation to exercise command, while below upon the rail the armed blow swiftly follows the word that flies along the wire.

Steam concentrates population in cities. But when the Government was formed the people were strictly rural, and there were but six cities with eight thousand inhabitants or more. In 1790 only one-thirtieth of the population lived in the cities, in 1870 more than one-fifth. Steam destroys the natural difficulties of communication, but those very difficulties are barriers against invasion and protect the independence of each little community, the true foundation of our free republican system. In New England the characteristic village and local life of the last century perish in the age of steam.

Meanwhile the enormous accumulation of capital engaged in great enterprises, with unscrupulous

greed of power constantly tends to make itself felt in corruption of the press, which moulds public opinion, and of the legislature, which makes the laws. Thus steam and telegraph tend to the concentration of capital and the consolidation of political power, a tendency which threatens liberty and which was wholly unknown when the republic began and was unsuspected fifty years ago. Sweet Liberty is a mountain-nymph, because mountains baffle the pursuer. But the inventions that level mountains and annihilate space alarm that gracious spirit who sees her greater insecurity. But stay, heaven-eyed maiden, and stay forever! Behold! our devoted wills shall be thy invincible Alps, our loyal hearts thy secret bower, the spirit of our fathers a cliff of adamant that engineering skill can never pierce nor any foe can scale!

MAN'S CAPACITY FOR EDUCATION.

SUMNER ELLIS.

In man's capacity for education we seem to see an original gift and not an inherited one, for we see nothing like it in any lower race. In vain do we look for a progressive animal, for any brute tribe making the least experiment of education. In vain do we wait to see any creature not human, leaving its low level and moving away from its ancestors and going on to new attainments. Until we come up to our own race we find no improvements being sought for and no progress made from any self-prompting. The level of a thousand years ago is the level of to-day in all the wild beasts and

the wild birds and there is still no sign of their taking up a forward march to the music of aspiration. No animal has woven a garment or stirred a fire or invented the simplest device and we see no signs of any beginnings in these matters.

But man's world is full of improvements. Hence, not to name all the arguments that sustain man's claim to an independent place in the scale of creation, I point you to this of his capacity for education. Here he seems a being by himself, inspired by gifts peculiarly his own. The chasm is too wide and the missing links are too many between him and the brute to admit of classing them in the same order. Like the brute he is flesh — and there the advantage may be against him — but unlike the brute he is a great mind and a mighty spirit, and moves along the ways of growth so swiftly and ardently that his past seems low and poor and his future great and rich.

While man may lead the animal race a little forward to a greater beauty and use, as he can improve the wild rose and the wild apple, it is still but a very little way that he can bear them on. Out of the chariot of culture they soon fall and are left behind. To the earth they are chained, and if forced up, like the stone, directly, if left alone, they return. He may tenderly caress and love his pets — and this is one of the sweet and beautiful loves of the human heart, — and he may make laws to guard the dumb beasts from every form of cruelty — and legislation can hardly be more honorably engaged, — but he cannot take them into the fellowship of his lofty thoughts and sentiments as he turns to this upper world of God and truth and immortality. There he must go alone or take by the hand one of his own race.

Only man is endowed with gifts that turn to an ideal world, and only man finds his very life and joy in progress.

ARTS AND LETTERS.

A. H. EVERETT.

INDEPENDENCE and liberty, the great political objects of all communities, have been secured to us by our glorious ancestors. In these respects we are only required to preserve and transmit unimpaired the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed to us. To us and to future generations is left the easier task of enriching with arts and letters the proud fabric of our national glory. Our Sparta is indeed a noble one. Let us then do our best for it!

It will belong to our position to take the lead in arts and letters as in policy and to give the tone to the literature of the language. Let it be our care and study not to show ourselves unequal to this high calling; to vindicate the honor of the New World in this generous and friendly competition with the Old.

We may perhaps be told that literary pursuits will disqualify us for the active business of life. Heed not the idle assertion. Reject it as a mere imagination inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience. Point out to those who make it the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of studious and active exertion.

Show them Demosthenes forging by the light of the midnight lamp those thunderbolts of eloquence which "shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece

to Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne." Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters? Inquire whether Cæsar or Frederick or Bonaparte or Wellington or Washington fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from the hands of the oppressor.

Do they say to us that study will lead us to scepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon and Milton and Newton and Locke. Would they persuade us that devotion to learning will withdraw our steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from diligent exercise of all the faculties of the body and mind and heart in pursuit of noble ends by noble means.

Repeat to them the youthful ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules in the pride of strength and beauty giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them our choice is also made. Tell them with the illustrious Roman orator, we had rather be in the wrong with Plato than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that our mother is America, our battle the warfare of life, our shield the breastplate of Religion.

OUR FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

FULLER.

Our historian Bancroft says of the Federal Constitution, it was "the consummation of all former political wisdom; the trust of the present, the guide for all coming generations." It was, indeed, a consummation, the result not simply of the particular exigency, but of that gradual growth which having its roots in the past, develops into the product that endures. The men of the convention knew that the realization of ideals is the work of time, and whatever speculative views of government or of freedom they entertained, they did not attempt to carry them in expression, to their logical conclusions. They had confidence that the general principles they accepted as fundamental, being declared, might safely be relied on to work out the practical ends desired.

They were familiar with the leagues, the confederacies and the councils of the ancients; the associations of communities of more modern times; the great steps in the progress of English liberty, from Magna Charta to the Act of Settlement; and still more thoroughly with the experience of the colonies and of the States, of the New England confederation, the various Congresses, and the confederation of the United States, a part of which they had been; while years of keen discussion of the science of government and of ardent devotion to the cause of liberty had stored their minds with doctrines and fitted them for their great task.

A union already existed based on common origin and aims, but the ties that bound the States to-

gether were too weak to compel that subordination of the supposed interests of one portion of the people, to a line of action required by the actual interests of all. The destiny of the country was manifest if its parts could be welded into one, but the problem to be solved was how to accomplish this without sacrificing local independence and so parting with liberty in exchange for power.

In undertaking that solution they represented in themselves every shade of opinion from intense faith in the ultimate good sense of the people, to large distrust of their capacity for self-government, and they were acutely alive to all the jealousies, the passions, and the conflicts of the hour. The self-restraint they practised in their own action was the self-restraint they sought to secure, and the spirit of compromise which finally harmonized their deliberations, was the spirit of compromise which is of the essence of all lasting human governments.

To determine a form of government by written fundamental law was no novelty to them. The covenant of the "Mayflower" had set the example, and all the States but two then had, as all have now, constitutions defining the respective rights and duties of the citizen and of the authority over him. But to fashion the instrument which was to create a nation out of the people of free and independent States, and at the same time in terms to interpose barriers against the invasion of rights, and reserve to the people and the States respectively the powers deemed essential to their preservation, without impairing the efficiency of the central authority, this demanded unequalled patience, sagacity, moderation and wisdom.

That patience, that sagacity, that moderation,

that wisdom, signally exhibited in general, was especially illustrated in Washington's character and conduct. To his prophetic eye the glories of the future had long been unveiled, dependent for realization upon the success of statesmanship in the work of construction, entered on at his suggestion and carried to completion under his direction. His full anticipations he was not called on to disclose. The equable and steadfast tenor of his mind was exemplified in his well-known exclamation, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God." Under such guidance, in that temper, with that reliance, the work went forward to its culmination in this masterpiece of political science.

Well may the venerable historian, whose years nearly equal the life of the nation, describe the Constitution as not only the consummation of political wisdom in the past, but the trust of the present; and well may we hope with him that coming nations will avail themselves of the teaching that its century of successful operation affords, as will, we trust, succeeding centuries of progress; and in the recognition of man's capacity to observe self-imposed limitations, accelerate the time when the whole world shall be wrapped in the peace of one dominion!

BUT ONE FLAG FOR OUR COUNTRY.

CHARLES L. HOLSTEIN.

THERE is room in this our country but for one flag. The banner of the stripes and stars is the flag of our country. It floats over every inch of our vast national domain, the sign and the symbol

of the nation's sovereignty and supremacy. In this free government all other flags are out of place.

In the recognition of the valor of the Confederate soldier, in the recognition of all his rights as a citizen, in kindly and fraternal feeling toward him personally, the Union soldier yields to none. All honor the Confederate soldier as such for his courage. A braver soldier never faced a foe in battle. Honor paid to him for his valor is honor to the Union soldier. The valor of each proves the valor of both. They were foemen worthy of each other. Misled and mistaught by designing politicians, the Confederate soldier believed his cause right and himself wronged. With a devotion which merits only praise, he went forth bravely to battle and final defeat. After all, the triumph of the Union cause in its highest sense, was his triumph too, if he will but help to make it so.

Out of the throes of war the nation newly born is dedicated to liberty forever. Freedom for all henceforth is a common heritage in the land. Look at the map of the world and recall its history. Where on the map is there a country like ours? where in history is there inspiration like that of the story of American liberty?

Less than three hundred years ago a few weak colonies up and down our long Atlantic coast constituted all there was of civilization in America. To-day we are a mighty nation of many millions — each man free and all equal — occupying a vast continent whose boundaries are the two great oceans of the world. In the promise of the progress of the past who shall dare put a limit to the majesty of our future?

This, all this, is the rich fruitage of a popular government, whose powers and principles are de-

fined, limited and guarded by a written constitution and written laws. So far it has stood the test of time of wars without and wars within. Its perpetuity is in our hands. Let us look to it that the liberty we enjoy, we transmit unimpaired to our posterity. Its perpetuity means more than the preservation of liberty to America. It involves the possibility of liberty for mankind. All nations are looking this way and the hopes of humanity "are hanging breathless on our fate."

Let us be vigilant for liberty's sake. In such a government patriotism is godliness. Remembering all it cost, let us dedicate ourselves anew to Freedom's cause. Let us swear loyalty to the nation and its flag. Let us swear that "we will belong to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." Let us demonstrate that popular government is the best. Liberty stands at our portals for the enlightenment of the world. Let us see to it that its light shall "never perish from the earth."

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